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## SOMETHING ABOUT CUBA, ITS HISTORY, ITS CLIMATE, ITS PEOPLE.

### II.

Among the principal objects of attraction to a transitory visitor to Havana and vicinity, are the cathedral, the vice-regal palace and gar-

dens, the public square, the opera-house, the *Plaza de Toros*. The time of the founding of the cathedral seems to be lost to the



VIEW ON THE ROAD FROM NUEVITAS TO PUERTO DEL PRINCIPE, CUBA.

popular mind, for whether it was built by Velasquez, the first governor of the city, or founded by the Jesuits a century ago, does not seem to be known. It has the impressiveness of size, but it is perfectly free from adornment, the altar and its surroundings being remarkably plain. Its style has been popularly described as being a mixture of the Gothic, Mexican, African, and Moresque, a suggestive description that applies to most of the public and private buildings of Havana. To the American, however, this cathedral possesses an intense interest, for on the left hand side, facing the altar, is a plain tablet, that marks the last and present resting-place of the bones of Christopher Columbus.

The great discoverer died at Valladolid, in old Spain, on the 20th of May, 1666, three centuries ago. His remains, and, by his own request, the chains he was loaded with at Hispaniola, were deposited in a bronze coffin and buried at Seville. From thence, in accordance with his will, they were removed to Hispaniola, at that time the principal city of the New World. In the year 1796, that portion of the Island of Santo Domingo which held his remains was ceded to the French, and the descendants of Columbus caused them to be transferred to Havana, that they might remain under the Spanish flag.

The occasion of our visit to this cathedral was on some memorable church day, the name of which we have forgotten. There might have been three or four hundred of the gentler sex present (not a man of the locality could we see), all kneeling on the variegated marble pavement. The wealthy, including ladies of the highest rank and position, were mingled together promiscuously with the humblest and most poverty-stricken slaves, illustrating, in a manner that was never before so impressively brought to our mind, that, before God, all, high and low, were equal. But this lesson does not seem to make much practical impression on the people in matters regarding the burial of the dead; for we find that in Havana the bodies of the rich are interred within lofty walls, accompanied by pompous ceremonials and gilded inscriptions, while the bodies of the very poor are hidden away in the earth, without ceremony, and without coffins.

There is one fine old church in Havana, the imposing square tower of which is visible from every part of the harbor. The heavy masonry has a dilapidated look. The street in its vicinity is blocked up with old wrecks, and is dusty and deserted. In this church, more than a century ago, while the English were in temporary possession of the city, the Duke of Albemarle used it for Protestant service. After the Spaniards gained possession of the city by treaty, in 1763, the church was shut up, and has remained tabooed ever since.

The history of that event is interesting. The city of Havana surrendered to the British forces after a siege of two months and six days. They occupied Matanzas and Mariel, but a greater portion of the government geographically never recognized the invaders. Cuba was returned to Spain by "the treaty of Paris," and formally given up on the 6th of July, 1763, the English having remained in possession ten months and twenty-four days. Spanish and other writers agree, that this siege and occupation of the island by the British gave new life to the inhabitants, and inaugurated a desire for commercial activity.

One of the most attractive places in Havana is the garden which lies in the centre of the most public square of the city, opposite the Captain-General's palace. Every rare plant here flourishes in perfection, particularly flowers and shrubs of marked beauty and fragrance. This oasis in the midst of the most sultry of cities is entirely unenclosed, the most delicate floral treasures frequently intruding upon the walks trodden every hour by thousands of careless citizens, yet not a tree is barked, nor a plant or shrub is injured—a thing that would be perfectly impossible with any garden thus situated in England or America.

The Plaza de Toros is a circular building, open-roofed, with successive tiers of seats, after the manner of the Colosseum in Rome; it will accommodate fifteen thousand spectators, and is a favorite resort for every class of the Cuban population, to witness their popular amusement of bull-fighting.

The Paseo, situated just outside of the walls of the old city, is a place of popular resort in the evening. It was originally constructed by General Tacón, in the year 1836, but has been adorned and beautified by subsequent governors. It is an oval-shaped, narrow road, of a mile or more in circumference, on both sides of which are raised walks, which serve for a pedestrian promenade. Toward evening the aristocracy here display themselves in their gay *volantes*; hundreds of

these quaint vehicles, each bearing two elegantly-dressed ladies, come out from the city and enter this magic circle, all from the same direction, the procession moving round in a slow and stately manner, while the gentlemen line the raised walks, bow to the ladies, throw bouquets into their laps, exchange friendly words, or give some important message. All parties seem to enjoy this display. In the mean time, cavalry in white uniforms, indicative of royal troops, are posted along the route to preserve order; but they seem to be equestrian statues, erected for adornment, rather than living men. The idea is a good one, and there might be a Paseo introduced into our Central Park; equipages could thus be displayed to the best advantage, and acquaintances kept up, and, if discipline could be preserved, we have no doubt the fashion would be popular. As an illustration of the social life of Cuba, you will see on the Paseo, once in a while, a gentleman riding with his wife; this open familiarity between the sexes is only laughed at, but creates no scandal; but young ladies and gentlemen thus enjoying themselves would not be tolerated among the native Spanish population of Cuba.

Nearly on the summit of two hills, of gently-sloping declivities, at unequal distances from the town, are two large forts, Cabanas and Principe. In their rear, to the right and left, a landscape studded with neat villas, surrounded by gardens or green spots produced by artificial irrigation, of clumps of orange, cocoa-nut, palma royal, or other tropical trees. Directly before you is the town—of imposing aspect and extensive dimensions.

The city and suburbs of Havana, a few years ago, contained nine parish churches, six others connected with military orders, five chapels, eleven convents, some of them very large buildings, or groups of buildings, the Royal University, with a rector, and three professors; also, the Royal College, there being similar establishments at Puerto Principe, and at St. Jago de Cuba, in which several branches of ecclesiastical education are attended to, together with the humanities and philosophy. At Havana are an infirmary and a place for orphans, which are conducted on the most liberal and equitable principles. These benefits are within the reach of all classes, without distinction of caste or color.

The store-keepers in Havana never appear to be anxious to put up their names; the places of business are known as the "Surprise," "The Pet," "The Charm," and by other attractive titles. Linen seems to be in superabundance; the next thing in importance and quantity are laces and silks. A familiar feature of almost every fashionable store is one or more gigantic white cats, with tails ornamented with a brush similar to a squirrel's. They appear to be quiet and good-natured, and very necessary, it seems, to keep down the vermin, which would otherwise infest the buildings.

The ladies of the higher classes very rarely walk in the streets—they are ever in the volante. If they go shopping, the clerk comes out of the store and inquires what is wanted. Upon receiving an answer, the employé brings the desired article into the street, and displays it on the side-walk; and, if very desirous of being polite, disposes of it in graceful folds over the dash-board of the volante.

The characteristics of the native population of Cuba, of Spanish origin, are pride and ambition, but differing widely from their ancestors in energy. To northern eyes an effeminate luxury pervades all wealthy classes of Cuba. Symptoms of satiety, languor, and dull enjoyment, are everywhere exhibited—a kind of settled melancholy, the invariable effort of mental and physical inactivity, and an enervating climate. The favorite national amusement of Cuba is dancing. In cities it is conducted in houses, and in public places in the country, in shady, sequestered thickets, where nature holds the holiday, dancing groups are found. The guitar and tambour on such occasions are seldom silent. Balls are very common, and in rural districts no invitation is needed to attend them—a genteel dress secures a favorable introduction.

Music is also a favorite recreation; and musical instruments of various kinds, and of extraordinary shapes and tones, are indispensable appurtenances to the boudoir of a Cuban belle. As a rule, guiltless of manual labor, in trifling employments these imprisoned beauties pass their time away.

The more simple of the social amusements of the higher classes are the soft, airy dance of the bayadere to the cheerful sound of the castanets, the fandango, or the more graceful bolero of their father-land. The guitar is the favorite instrument of the ladies; and the pauses and cadences with which the fair Cubanas so feelingly depict, yet so simply

mark, the more expressive parts of their plaintive airs, are indescribably soft and soothing, especially when sitting in their verandas in the calm stillness of a moonlight evening.

To a Cuban, or even to the European Spaniard, resident of Cuba, it is scarcely necessary to say that smoking is universal—the practice seems to be a requisite of life with all classes, high or low, and is indulged in at all hours, and in every place, at home and abroad. It has been said, with some truthfulness, that the people of Cuba occupy one-third of their time in the preparation of cigars, and the other two-thirds in smoking them. The more respectable classes use cigaritos, inclosed in a neatly-cut piece of the broad leaf of the corn-husk, or of an especially prepared piece of paper. This delicate little cigar is often held by the ladies in a case of gold or silver, which is constantly suspended by a chain or ribbon to the neck. It is absurd to say, whatever we may think of the practice, that the sight of a young girl quietly indulging in the charms of her cigarette, is offensive to look at. There is something very bewitching in the way she holds the object of so much pleasure, and while thus engaged she will, occasionally, so charmingly puff out a delicate whiff of smoke, that it will seem to be a sort of ethereal personification of her wandering pleasant thoughts.

We have seen a stavedore in the harbor of Havana, while engaged in hoisting sugar from a lighter on board of a vessel, suddenly drop out of the crowd at the very moment of their hardest work, and light a cigarette, give it a *single puff*, and then resume his labor. We have seen a señora in a street car take her seat, light her cigarette, and then attend to the demands of the conductor. We think our druggist, in compounding a prescription for us of three materials, lit his cigarette five times, and gave it the same number of puffs. In passing through the streets, a stranger will be amazed at witnessing the number of persons seen everywhere engaged in rolling up cigaritos, intended for home consumption, or to swell the sum of almost untold millions that find a market in distant lands.

The love for gambling is universal. We do not mean that rude, robber-like display that characterizes the American and English, but a love for games of chance where small sums are won or lost. One meets with some way to risk his silver in all places of public resort and fashionable entertainment. The Havana lottery has a world-wide reputation, and the agents for the sale of its tickets invade every place; especially are they busy in Havana on Sunday morning, among the crowds who go and come from the cathedrals. Aside from cards, dice, the cockpit, the chances for gaming afforded by the bull-fight are called into requisition.

The Cubans have all the outward regard for the sex that characterizes the Spanish people, and for which their poetry, romance, and history, combine to celebrate. "White hands never offend" is the universal consolation, even where feminine indiscretion becomes ungentle. The Spanish drama is crowded with incidents and beautiful sentiments founded on the extraordinary influence of woman. The power of beauty and the influence of kings are the leading subjects of the Spanish stage.

The large black eye, and raven hair escaping in almost endless tresses; the dark, expressive glance; the soft, blood-tinted olive of the glowing complexion, make "the men of the north," in spite of themselves, admit the majesty and beauty of these children of the Spanish race. The Moorish eye is the most characteristic feature; it is full, and reposes on a liquid, somewhat yellow bed, of an almond shape, black and lustrous. In dignity of mien, the Cuban ladies are quite unrivalled. In fact all that is esteemed beautiful in woman in the mother country appears in Cuba softened by the climate and more luxurious social life.

Occasionally, there has appeared, in Havana, a Saxon beauty, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, fair-complexioned—thorough blonde. The effect of such a vision by contrast upon the swarthy, dark, male inhabitants, has been for the time electrical. And, while the gentlemen would wonder at and admire the pearly-hued skin, the light azure eyes, and the streaming golden hair, the haughty brunettes would look on with that disdain that only beauty can affect, and turn away with a majestic step of feminine, yet crushing indifference, that only a lady of Spanish blood can assume.

The full dress of the Cuban ladies seen on the public resorts, is remarkably costly and superb, after the style of old Spain, made up of mantillas and scarfs; and in the hand the never-failing, never-to-be-forgotten, "intelligent, expressive" fan. The colors are sombre, black predominating.

The mantilla, used also as a veil, is usually of black silk or lace,

thrown over the head and supported by a high comb, of value and richness, and which always indicates the circumstances or pride of the wearer, leaving the face uncovered, and displaying choice flowers which adorn and contrast with the dark tresses—a style of head-dress which is said to create the graceful and dignified mien and gait for which these descendants of Spain are so celebrated. Hence those who do not wear it, by contrast, appear quite plebeian and commonplace.

Some wear no other head-dress than the hair, variously arranged and ornamented. The most usual way is to plait or roll it in a bandeau round the head, and the crown of which is fastened to a knot, surmounted by a comb, after the manner of the ancient Romans. Some also wear a cap of fine linen, formed like a mitre, over which is thrown the veil, that beautiful emblem of female modesty and elegance. But the most prized and most becoming ornament of Cuban maidens is the *trenza*, an arrangement of hair in two simple, long, dark, shining braids.

The silk petticoat and the loose white jacket, or short tunic, are worn, when they go abroad. The richness of their dress consists of the finest linen, the most delicate laces, and costly jewels, disposed so as to occasion the least inconvenience to the wearer, and producing a perfectly graceful, flowing effect.

But the crowning triumph is the fan; its size, weight, and splendor, are the pride of the fair possessor. Some are of great value, set with ivory and gold, and ornamented with mirrors. The manoeuvring of this fan is a wonder, and comprehends the whole science of the unwritten language of signs, and with it a Cuban lady can carry on an intelligent conversation with the friends of her heart—can express love, disdain, or hate. It flashes a welcome from the quickly-passing volante, a reproof in the ceremony of the Cathedral, an invitation in the blaze of the Opera House.

The men generally may be said to attend to business in the early hours of the morning, their noons being passed in melting lassitude at some Creole coffee-house, the evenings in lounging on the promenade, and at the theatre. Home is only a place of rest, not enjoyment, that can only be had in perfection out of doors.

There are natural causes which produce the peculiarities of Cuban life; the primal one is the character of the climate, and the consequent necessity of being as much as possible in the open air. The privacy that characterizes the life of more northern latitudes is impossible, and the necessity of calling in menials, to do household duties, with the facilities slavery has afforded to meet the demand, has left the sex in Cuba with but little to do, while the gentlemen, richly rewarded by comparatively little labor, have naturally acquired habits of ease and self-indulgence.

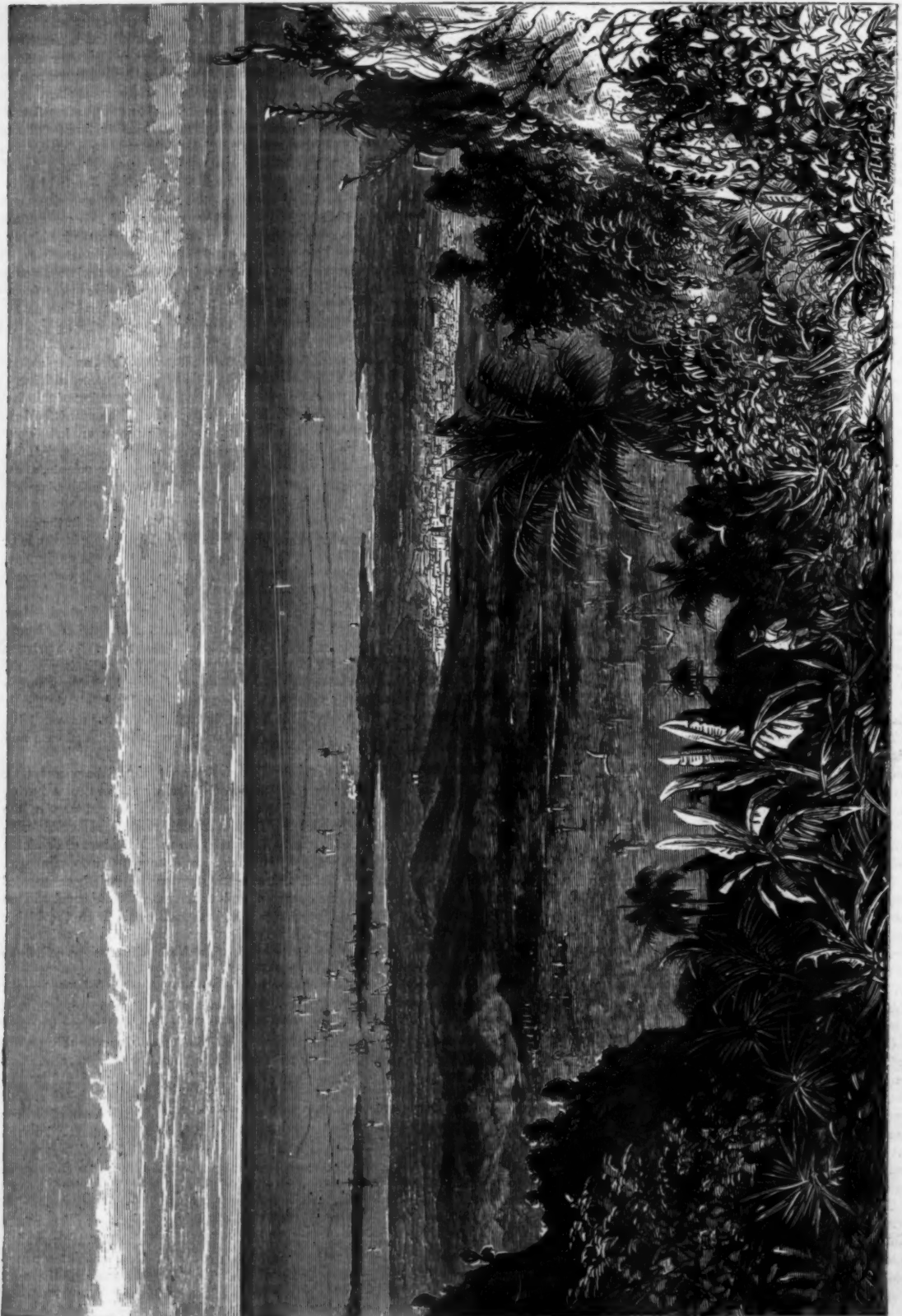
The government of Cuba, though similar to that of the parent state, has always been more oppressive, the Cortes and the Crown having frequently declared that Cuba does not form an integral part of the Spanish monarchy. It has ever been a kind of irresponsible military despotism, or, rather, an oligarchy, in which the love of dominion is carried to a species of fanaticism, and degraded into meanness. The legislative, judicial, and executive power has each been invested in the hands of the governor, and to an extent quite equal to that held by military commanders of a besieged town. Even the higher classes have had no civil rights, such as personal liberty, protection, or right of property, if declared otherwise by the autocrat called the Governor-General.

The Creole population has always been excluded from all influential and lucrative offices. The judges and officials come from Spain, and, being without any stated salaries, they prove so many vultures that prey upon the unprotected within their jurisdiction. There are no means, dishonest, tyrannical, or cruel, that have not been resorted to by the Spanish authorities to fleece the country, and, but for the wonderful productiveness of the island, it would have long since been a desolation.

Notwithstanding the absence of deep rivers, and the unequal fertility of the soil, the island of Cuba, from its undulating character, its ever-springing verdure, and the variety of its vegetable formations, presents on every side a varied and agreeable country. There are five species of palm which make up the body of the forests, and innumerable small bushes, ever laden with flowers, adorn the hills and vales.

Cuba is justly considered even more fertile than any other of the West-India islands. Sugar-cane and tobacco being the staple productions, large establishments for the growth of these articles are scattered over the greater part of the island, forming some of the most beautiful and picturesque features of the landscape.





VIEW OF TRINIDAD AND CARIBBEAN SEA FROM TRINIDAD MOUNTAIN.

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The cultivated portion of the island is not supposed to exceed one seventeenth of the available land, this latter portion containing large prairies or savannas, in which it is estimated that upward of a million and a half of cattle are reared and pastured. Other parts are occupied by large forest trees, some of which supply the most valuable timber used for practical or ornamental purposes.

To an enterprising, intelligent American, the whole island of Cuba, wherever he goes, constantly suggests facilities for improvement and the accumulation of wealth. As a rule, the island is still almost undeveloped and it is difficult to conceive what it would be, if it were brought under the control of an intelligent and free population.

The space allotted to our imperfect sketch of Cuba, its resources, society, and scenery, is exhausted; no pen can give any perfect idea of this magnificent island, everywhere so attractive and inviting. The magic pencil has been invoked, and, through its charming medium, we have glimpses of those gay, luxuriant views which break upon the traveller as he winds among the hills, more like scenes of fairy enchantment than absolute reality. Everywhere, as we travel in Cuba, new scenes and new views are constantly displaying themselves, yet always presenting, through the receding heights, glimpses of the distant waters of the ocean fading into the blue and cloudless horizon. Once thrown open to the enterprise of the world, Cuba will become in artificial material resources as rich as it has been created by nature, and eventually form a point of the grandest interest in American civilization.

## HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

DO not for one moment suppose that my story is to be Shakespearean, or dramatic—comedy or tragedy. I am only going to tell you how I, Mark Livingstone Dupont, fell in love with Helen Langdon, and how, after perhaps a little more than the usual amount of tribulation, I married her. That's all. But every thing in this world, be it baby or butterfly, must have a name; and, when I was trying to find a title wherewithal to adorn the head of this manuscript, my pen refused to write any thing but what it *did* write—Hamlet and Ophelia. Well; if you read on to the end, you will understand, perhaps, why it was guilty of such nonsense, and also why I once told you I would go farther to see Booth in Hamlet than in any other character under the sun. We read Hamlet at our house once a quarter, regularly; and, last night, hearing a tremendous racket overhead, I stole softly up-stairs to see what might be the matter. It was only Tom and Harry, one personating the Ghost in white face-cloth and winding-sheet—he did not believe in a ghost that was “armed from top to toe” and “wore its beaver up,” not he!—the other spouting “To be, or not to be,” at the very top of his voice. This latter gentleman will be six years old next Christmas.

But, to begin at the beginning: When I came back from my two years of European life, in the June of '56, I found the house in Thirty-fourth Street in a dreadfully-dismantled condition—carpets up, curtains down, and mother and Clara about to start off on their summer pleasuring.

“Dear me!” said the former, as we sat in the dining-room—the only habitable spot down-stairs—on the first evening after my return, “if I had dreamed of your coming home so soon, I would not have made a single move. I didn't care a fig for going to Newport—that's the plain truth. But we did not expect you until September, and we thought we might as well shut up the house and go somewhere, as to stay here through the summer. Clara, let's have the carpets down again, and stay at home, after all.”

“No, no,” I answered; “you shall do no such thing. Clara looks worn and jaded; her first winter ‘out,’ has been a little too much for her, and she needs change of air. We will all go to Newport for a few weeks; then, wherever you please—north, south, east, or west. There will be nothing doing here of any account, and I am at your service until October; then the new firm of Livingstone, Dupont & Co. will go to work in good earnest.”

Clara clapped her dainty hands, laughing gleefully.

“Mark, dear, you are a jewel. Your proposition is the very thing. We shall see twice as much of you as if we remained in town, and you were at the counting-house all day. You'll have plenty of time to tell us all about your adventures abroad—love-affairs, flirtations, and

all.” And my little sister seated herself upon my knee, and laid her soft cheek against my brown beard.

I need not tell how we talked on far into the night, how many questions were asked and answered, how we went back into the past, and spoke tenderly of the husband and father whose grave had been green for many summers, how we went forward into the future, where my mother saw peace and quiet contentment awaiting her, and Clara and I a world of new delights.

“Come, come, children,” said my mother, at last; “you must go to bed; and to-morrow we are off for Newport.”

But neither Newport, nor Niagara, nor Saratoga, proved to be just what Clara needed to bring her lost roses back again.

“She wants rest,” I said, as she came down to breakfast, one morning, pale and slightly hollow-eyed, after a hop at the United States. “She might as well be back in Thirty-fourth Street, going to parties every night, as to be here, dressing and dancing and promenading. Mother, let us go up among the mountains—somewhere in Vermont—and keep quiet for a while.”

That is the way we happened to stay two months in Valley-thorpe.

It was quiet enough there. A sweet repose dwelt everywhere. The birds sang all day long; the creek, gliding down from the mountains, dark and cool, loitering through the meadows, and lingering under the willows, came out into broadest sunshine when it reached the village, and glowed and flashed like molten diamonds. And, oh, the mists that at sunrise and sunset hung over the valleys, and wrapped the everlasting hills in purple splendor!

But, as I said, it was very quiet—a veritable Sleepy Hollow, where Rip van Winkle might have taken his twenty-years' nap, with naught to disturb his repose. At the “hotel”—why do we not have *inns* in this country?—a great, roomy building, with wide halls, broad piazzas, well-shaded grounds, and plain but palatable fare, there were perhaps a dozen guests besides ourselves. Very pleasant people they were, most of them; and there were so few of us, and we were so dependent upon each other for society, that we soon became quite like a band of friends, a sort of family party. We rode, we drove, we fished, we hunted—mind, I do not say that we found any game—we picnicked, we got up excursions to Killington, to Lake Bomaseen, to the Falls; we went a-berrying, and came home tired enough, after an hour or two of pleasant chat in the parlors, to go to bed early and sleep the healthful, refreshing sleep of childhood. Clara had thrown her languor and pallor and lassitude to the winds, and was fast becoming herself again.

But one week it rained. Rained! That is a weak expression. It poured. From morning till night, from night till morning, there was one perpetual deluge of rain. It was all well enough for a day or two. But, after we had read all each other's books, played dominoes and checkers and backgammon and euchre till we were tired; after the ladies had used up all their Berlin wools, and the gentlemen had put in order every gun and fish-pole, reel and line—the thing began to grow monotonous. And still it rained.

“Why can't we get up tableaux, or something?” said Mrs. Ashton, a pretty brunette, who was the life and soul of the party. “For sweet pity's sake, let us do something, and not waste our time in this way any longer.”

We caught at the idea, as children catch at sugar-plums, and were soon studying pictures, planning costumes, and discussing effects, with all the enthusiasm of girls at boarding-school. Old or young, it was all the same. I do not know but Senator L—— and Judge P—— were as much interested in the getting-up of our little affair as John Henderson and I were, or as Clara and Margaret Temple.

“Oh, Mr. Dupont! come here a moment, if you please,” cried little Mrs. Ashton, as she stood by the centre-table, turning over a volume of engravings that some one had fished up from the bottom of his or her trunk. “See here; this is the very thing for you and Grace Henderson—Hamlet and Ophelia. Isn't it beautiful? You will make a capital Hamlet; and, as for Grace, she is Ophelia herself.”

“Very well,” I answered; “any thing for fun. I am entirely at your service, ladies; only tell me what to do.”

“But we could never copy those costumes here, Mrs. Ashton,” said Grace, who had drawn near, and was looking over her friend's shoulder. “Just think of it—Hamlet in black velvet, and Ophelia in—what does the description say?—yellow satin! I have nothing that would be suitable, not a thing.”

Mrs. Ashton laughed merrily.

"Leave all that to me, and don't ask questions. My Lord Hamlet, your 'inky cloak' shall be ready for you. And, as for you, my fair Ophelia, come up to my chamber, and we will see what we shall see. Mr. Dupont, if you will attend to the arrangement of the stage and curtain, that is all we will ask of you. And, oh, Mr. Henderson," she added, when half-way up-stairs, "we should have an audience. There are a dozen families in the village, who have been more than polite to us, and we ought to return their civilities in some way. Wouldn't it be well to invite them?" and off she went.

There was surely some magic in that woman's fingers. It was wonderful—or it seemed so to us of the masculine gender—to see how, by some curious slight of hand, she would transform the prosaic garments of every-day life into quaint, picturesque costumes, that looked as if they belonged to the far-off realm of poetry and romance. Clara could tell you all about it—how we had the three beautiful scenes from *The Three Fishers*—John Alden and Priscilla—Faust and Margaret, and I don't know what all. But, just half an hour before it was time for the "exercises" to begin, Mrs. Ashton sent for me in great perturbation of mind.

"Whatever shall we do, Mr. Dupont?" she said, half out of breath. "Grace Henderson is sick—gone to bed with one of her terrible headaches—and there isn't another Ophelia in this house, not one."

"Take the character yourself, can't you?"

She looked at me with wide eyes. "I take it? Just imagine me an Ophelia! You have no idea of the fitness of things, if you made that proposition seriously, Mr. Dupont."

"We'll give up the tableau, then. There are enough without it."

"We shall have to give it up, I suppose. But I do think it is too bad. Your costume was all ready, and Grace made a lovely Ophelia—lovely!"

She turned away disconsolately, and I lit a cigar and strolled off under the trees—for the rain had ceased as soon as we set ourselves seriously at work within-doors.

John Alden had just done making love to Priscilla, or she to him—I forget which it was—when Mrs. Ashton caught hold of my arm, and drew me hastily to one side.

"We are all right, and can have Hamlet and Ophelia after all, Mr. Dupont. A friend of mine, who is on her way to the White Mountains, has just come in on the late train. She leaves at five in the morning, but I have persuaded her to be our Ophelia. She will do it charmingly—better than Grace, even. You have just time to dress. Then meet me in the little room at the head of the stairs, and I will present you to her. No, on second thoughts, you shall not see her until you meet upon the stage."

"All right," I said, turning away. "What did you say her name was?"

"I did not say. But it is Helen Langdon."

Fifteen minutes later, we met behind the curtain.

"Miss Langdon—Mr. Dupont. My Lord Hamlet, take your place. You will be the 'observed of all observers' to-night. You look the character to perfection," Mrs. Ashton whispered, as she arranged the folds of my cloak more to her satisfaction. "Now, Ophelia, here is the casket of jewels, the 'remembrances' that you have 'longed long to redeliver,' you know. That's right. Raise your eyes a trifle more, if you please. One would think I was a photographer about to 'take your pictures.' Are you all ready?"

The ball tinkled, and the curtain slowly rose.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" murmured the crowd. There really was quite a crowd in front; and, looking in Helen Langdon's face, my heart echoed "beautiful!" Three times the curtain rose, and then Mrs. Ashton carried the fair Ophelia off to her own room, and I saw her no more.

Even now the occurrences of that evening seem to me like some "Midsummer-Night's Dream," or like a page torn out of some old romance or fairy tale. The soft moonlight sleeping so tranquilly without; the warm, scented airs that stole in through the open windows, laden with sweets from forest, meadow, and garden; the little stage, converted by Mrs. Ashton's magic wand into a very bower of beauty; the happy, smiling, upturned faces, the peals of joyous laughter, the atmosphere of peace and harmony and cordial kindness in which we were bathed; and, more than all, the fair vision that, for a few short moments, became part and parcel of my life—we two, who had never

exchanged a dozen words, standing, for a moment, alone, and yet together, upon the verge of that far-off old world, where love and death and madness reigned—all this affected me powerfully and strangely.

"Vision"—that was the very word. She did not seem to me real, like the girls about me, with their pink cheeks and shining hair, but like a dream, a wraith, a fantasy. I saw her. I felt that I should see her till I died, standing there before me, half-bending, as in supplication, yet with her large, soft, magnetic eyes lifted to my own, with such a world of passionate emotion slumbering in their dark depths. I knew that, for the moment, she had forgotten her past, and ceased to look forward to her future. The universe had held but us two: she, Ophelia; I, Hamlet.

Do not think me a presumptuous coxcomb. I knew, also, that, if we were to meet the next morning, I should find that this glamour, whose enchantment had, I was sure, bewitched her eyes as well as mine, had passed utterly away. We should be two commonplace mortals, eating our toast and drinking our coffee, quite after the fashion of other people.

But—"ay, there's the rub"—you see I cannot write about it, even at this distance of time, without quoting Hamlet—we did *not* meet. So, as far as I was concerned, at least, there was nothing to break the spell.

Mrs. Ashton was jubilant the next morning when we met, an hour later than usual, at the breakfast-table.

"It was a perfect success," she said, as she broke a hot roll; "Mr. Dupont, your Hamlet was splendid."

"Thank you," I replied. Then, with apparent unconcern, I added, "Where is my Ophelia? has she gone?"

"Oh, yes. I tried to prevail upon her to remain here for a day or two, but she had promised to meet some friends at the Notch to-morrow, and it was simply impossible. Her father was with her—that tall old gentleman with a silver beard; you must have noticed him."

"Where is their home?" I asked, helping myself to blackberries.

"They are birds of passage just now, Helen tells me. There are only two of them; the mother and a son some years older than Helen having died when she was hardly more than a child. When I first knew the family they kept up an elegant establishment, just out of Philadelphia. But I fancy Mr. Langdon has been unfortunate. At all events, their place is sold, and they seem to be leading a sort of nomadic life. Helen spoke very sadly of her father last night, saying that he had known a great deal of sorrow during the last five years."

Mrs. Ashton sighed a little as she added, "Poor Helen! I imagine her lot is not quite the one I had marked out for her. There is a great deal of trouble in this world, isn't there, Mr. Dupont? Mr. Henderson, are we going to Lake Bomaseen to-day or not? Because, if we are, it is time we were starting."

Jack Henderson laughed.

"How philosophically we do bear other people's troubles, provided we can go to Lake Bomaseen ourselves, and have a good time generally! Yes, Mrs. Ashton; the wagons will be at the door in precisely ten minutes," and he looked at his watch.

I have not quite decided in my own mind yet whether I was a fool or no. But the glory had all faded out of those summer days for me. The zest, the glow, the sparkle, had gone out of my life. Every thing seemed "flat, stale, and unprofitable." I was glad when, the second week in September, my mother said:

"Mark, I think we had better go home. The hot weather is over, and it is time we were getting settled."

So we went back to New York. The dear old house in Thirty-fourth Street was made comfortable again; and I, after my college life and my two years of foreign travel, at length became an active working-partner in the firm of Livingston, Dupont & Co., and plunged heart and soul into business.

Three years passed. Clara had married very happily, and was living in Brooklyn, almost equally proud of her husband, her baby, and her home. When officious friends asked me why I did not follow her example, I answered that I had my still young and beautiful mother for companion, friend, and housekeeper; what did I want of a wife? But, down deep in my heart of hearts, I knew this was a mere subterfuge. A pair of dark eyes, that had looked into my own that summer night in Valleythorpe, still haunted me. I was not sentimental enough to fancy myself in love with their owner. By no

means. I was a thorough-going business man, buying and selling and making money. I was a happy man, too, who had little time or inclination to dream dreams or to see visions. But, amid all my buying and selling, I knew this—that the eyes that should be to me the “sweetest eyes ever seen,” must be like those of Helen Langdon.

She had dropped out of my life entirely. Indeed, she had never been in it, really, outside of dreamland. Mrs. Ashton and Clara exchanged letters occasionally for a while after our pleasant sojourn among the mountains. Then the former went abroad, and, after that, the name of my Ophelia became an unfamiliar sound, save when my heart repeated it sometimes “in the night-watches.”

One day—it was in the winter of '59, just ten years ago—I was going up from Fulton Ferry to my place of business on Broadway, when the omnibus became locked in among the carts and vehicles of all descriptions that crowded the great thoroughfare.

The driver swore and shouted, but to no purpose. There was nothing for it but to wait until the crowd thinned a little. An old flower-woman was displaying her wares upon the curbstone near by, and, as she caught my eye, she held up a tiny bunch of blue violets with a tea-rose and a geranium leaf.

“Only tin cints, sur; and they fresh from Hoboken this blissed mornin’, sur.”

I threw her the “tin cints,” and was just fastening the little bit of summer in my button-hole, when I heard a voice that seemed somehow familiar say, “How much for these sprays of jessamine and heliotrope!” I turned quickly. A lady in black was just receiving the scented blossoms from the old woman’s hand; and as I looked she laid the money on the board and passed hastily onward, but, as she did so, a sudden gust of wind sweeping round the corner lifted her heavy veil for an instant. She was so near the omnibus that, by extending my hand from the window, I could almost have touched her mantle. It was Helen Langdon.

For a moment our eyes met, and I almost fancied there was a slight gleam of recognition in hers. Then the wayward veil swept back again, and she was lost in the crowd.

I remember that for a second or so I had an insane idea of leaping from the omnibus and attempting to follow her. But one glance at the crowded street showed clearly that it would be as idle as the search for the needle in the haymow. Of one thing, however, I felt satisfied. She lived, or was staying, in New York. Her dress was not that of a traveller, and her whole air and manner betokened familiarity with the position and its surroundings. That was not the first time, I could have sworn, that she had bought flowers of that same old woman.

When I reached my office, I looked in a directory for the name of Winthrop Langdon—her father. It was not there. I had not expected to find it, being satisfied that he was dead. Her deep mourning dress, I thought, could mean nothing else. They two had been alone in the world, and now one had been taken and the other left.

I was very *distrait* and absent-minded that day. Perhaps I did not, like the judge, “hum in court an old love tune;” but I certainly puzzled my clerks by sundry irrelevant remarks, that had little to do with the business in hand. How was I to find this girl—this woman—the threads of whose life, as I now felt more strongly than ever, were inextricably woven with my own? Call it a superstition, an unreasoning instinct, a blind fantasy, what you will. But I felt sure that we should meet again. I knew that somewhere, somehow, she was to be to me more than any other woman in the wide world ever had been, or ever could be. It was only a question of time.

But, meanwhile, she was alone, she was desolate, she was struggling, perhaps, for mere existence in this great, crowded, heartless city. Her dress, as I recalled it, had not seemed absolutely poverty-stricken; yet, it by no means betokened abundant means. She was a working-woman, I was satisfied; earning her bread by her own persistent labor. Reared in luxury, trained in habits of self-indulgence, and shielded during all the days of her young girlhood from rude contact with roughly-blowing winds, she was now in her early womanhood toiling for a mere living. My heart went out toward her with a great longing; with an overmastering desire to shelter her, in the warm foldings of my love, from all that could chill or could harm her. But I could only wait.

Three times in as many months I again caught momentary glimpses of Helen Langdon’s face, and always under such circumstances that it was impossible for me to trace or to follow her. Her eyes would shine

upon me for an instant, in some crowded thoroughfare; or her figure glide past me in some jostling throng; and then she would disappear as utterly and as silently as if the ground had opened and swallowed her up. Then for a whole year I did not feel her presence in earth or air. I began to doubt my own intuitions, and to think that our next meeting would be beyond the veil; although still the sight of any tall, slight, graceful form in black would make my heart beat and set me off on a vain search after what was never found, or, if found, was not the thing sought for.

“There have been twenty answers to our advertisement, Mark,” said my Uncle Livingstone, who was the senior partner in our firm, as I entered the counting-house one bright morning in April. “And as true as you are alive the one that pleases me best is from a woman. I have a great mind to engage her. See here! That’s a capital letter, and the handwriting is like letter-press.”

I glanced at the beautiful penmanship, but without reading the note.

“Do just as you think best,” I answered. “There is no reason why a woman should not have the situation if she wants it, and is fitted for it. But I only stepped in to get my mail and to say goodbye. I am obliged to go to Albany for a day or two.”

The day or two lengthened into a week, before I returned. What had become of my intuitions, my premonitions? Why did I not know that, while I was loitering about the old Dutch city, running up to Lake George one day, and over to Saratoga another, the new occupant of a desk in my own counting-house was the woman for whom my heart had sought so long and so vainly?

I knew her as soon as I entered the room, darkening in the dusky twilight, where she was putting her books in order before leaving for the night—even before she turned her face toward me. It was the face of my dreams, older, sadder, with less of the glory of youth—more of the glory of womanhood.

What did I do? I bowed and passed on. A great stillness settled down upon me. The crisis of my fate had come. I had reached the parting of the ways. One false step now, and Helen Langdon was lost to me forever, in spite of destiny.

I was not sure that she recognized me. Indeed, I thought that she did not, though a slight rose tint had crept up to her forehead as she returned my bow. But of one thing I was certain. It behooved me to be circumspect. I felt that one single demonstration beyond what was actually due from an employer to an employée, would drive her from me as far as the east is from the west. So I left her to go her own way for a while, and I went mine.

But silently, quietly, persistently, I strove to brighten her life—I cannot stop to tell you how—but in a thousand scarcely noticeable ways I compelled her to feel that she was guarded, shielded from annoyance, cared for. We seldom spoke to each other, save in the exchange of the ordinary courtesies of the day; yet, as the weeks and months rolled on, I who had kept her image in my heart so many years, saw that her eye involuntarily brightened at my approach, that she hearkened for my footstep, that her cheek changed, and her voice softened as I addressed her. Gradually, then, and by slow degrees, I taught her to look upon me as a friend, to read the books I laid upon her desk, to wear the flowers I brought her, to talk to me of matters that did not pertain to the day-book and ledger. But of her past life she would have nothing to say. There was no talk of fallen fortunes, there were no hints that she had ever moved in a different sphere. I wondered at her reticence, even while I honored her for it; and I was utterly unable to determine whether she in any way associated me with that evening in her far-off girlhood, which I was sure she could not have forgotten.

I did not take my usual vacation that summer. How could I take it, and leave Helen behind me in the hot and dusty city, bending wearily over her desk from morning till night?

But as August approached, and the weather became more and more oppressive, I fancied that she drooped a little, and that her cheek was paling. One day she was absent from her desk; and that evening, with a small basket of fruit and flowers, I went to her boarding-place—a pleasant home that I had found for her with a motherly old lady of my acquaintance.

“Is Miss Langdon sick?” I asked of her hostess, who herself answered the door-bell. “I feared she might be, as she was not at the counting-house to-day.”

“Not sick, exactly, Mr. Dupont. But she is kind of worn out.



She ought to get out into the country somewhere, if it was only for a week. She needs green grass, and flowers, and new milk."

"She shall have them," I answered. "Is she well enough to come down to the parlor, Mrs. Kingsley?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I guess so," she answered. "Walk in, Mr. Dupont, and I will see."

Helen came down presently. There was a faint flush upon her cheek, instead of her ordinary pallor. I was not in the habit of calling at her boarding-place, and my visit was a surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Dupont," she said, as she entered, "I was so sorry not to be at my desk to-day, but my head was very painful—and—"

"Stop!" I said, laying my hand upon her arm and leading her to the sofa. "Do not for one moment imagine that I came on *that* business. I feared you were sick, however, and I have brought you these," and I raised the cover of the basket.

Her eye brightened as she lifted the roses and pansies, and peeped at the grapes beneath.

"Thank you," she said, softly, under her breath. "You are too kind."

"No, I am not too kind," I answered. "But you are too pale. This heat oppresses you. You need the mountains, Miss Langdon—Helen—" she started, and withdrew herself a little, for I had never given her that name before. "Will you go with me to Valley-thorpe?"

"To Valleythorpe?" she repeated slowly, as one bewildered. "To Valleythorpe?"

"Yes, we were there together, once, you and I."

"You and I, Mr. Dupont?"

"You and I, Helen. Hamlet and Ophelia," I whispered. "Have you forgotten?"

"No," she answered, covering her face with her hands, while her forehead crimsoned. "No. But I supposed you had forgotten it. Your name had escaped my memory, but I knew you as soon as I saw you, in an omnibus down near Fulton Street, ever so long ago!"

Now, if you think I am going to tell you what I said next, you are very much mistaken. But I wooed and won her that night—my love, my darling, my precious Helen, my wife.

She gave herself to me, wholly and unreservedly. Some women would have held aloof in their pride, and would have said, "You are rich, I am poor. You are my employer, I am but a clerk who receives wages at your hands. You are one of the 'curled darlings' of fortune, I am one of the world's workers. Go your way." But she—she regarded these things, my wealth, her poverty, as the merest, incidental, not worthy to be taken into the account beside our love. We were man and woman—we had crowned each other king and queen of hearts, and should trifle like these come between us?

The next day I took my mother to see Helen; and, the week after that, we three went to Valleythorpe, to remain a month or two; and in October there was to be a wedding in Thirty-fourth Street.

But one evening, as we sat by the beautiful waterfall watching the changing shadows and the iridescent spray, I said to Helen very quietly, while her hand lay lightly in my own:

"Helen, I wish you would give yourself to me here, in Valleythorpe."

She lifted her eyes as in astonishment.

"I have given myself to you, Mark. How can I give you what is already yours?"

"Give me my wife, Helen," I whispered, while my lips touched her forehead. "Here in Valleythorpe, where our love dream began, let it be consummated. Darling, will you do me this grace?"

And so it happened that we were married in Valleythorpe.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE PEABODY.

WE gave in recent numbers of this JOURNAL a full account of Mr. George Peabody's donations to the laboring poor of London, with a description of the buildings erected by him for their occupation. We append here a brief biographical sketch of this distinguished philanthropist, with a list of his other benefactions:—

The Paybodies were an ancient Leicestershire family, one member of which, Francis Paybody, in the year 1635, at the age of twenty-one, embarked at London for New England,

and finally settled at Topsfield in Massachusetts, where he erected a mansion-house, and built a mill, both of which are still standing. Francis Paybody was prominent in Topsfield on account both of his wealth and his usefulness. By his wife Mary, daughter of Reginald Foster, he had fourteen children. His eldest son was ancestor, in the fifth generation, of the subject of our memoir.

George Peabody was born in the town of Danvers in Massachusetts, on the 18th of February, 1795. At that time, the period devoted to education among those destined to an active business life was not generally so long as it is in the present day; and this was the case even in families placed in more affluent circumstances than were the parents of George Peabody. Hence, at the early age of eleven, he found himself established as clerk to Mr. Proctor, a grocer in his native town, and a man of sterling worth. At the age of fifteen, he left Danvers, to seek a wider and more congenial sphere for the business talents that already began to show themselves. But the unsettled nature of the times had cast a gloom over the commercial world, and the prospect was not very inviting to the youthful adventurer. After living a year with his grandfather, Mr. Dodge, in Thetford, Vermont, he went, in the spring of 1811, to Newburyport, to be clerk to his brother, David Peabody, who had just opened there a draper's shop. This service, however, was not of long duration. Soon after his settlement, a fire (since known as the great fire of Newburyport) destroyed his brother's premises and property, along with a considerable portion of the busiest part of the town.

Left thus again without employment, George Peabody joined his uncle, John Peabody, who (likewise a sufferer by the disaster in Newburyport, where he had for years been an extensive ship-owner) now established himself in Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, with the hope of rebuilding his shattered fortune. This took place in 1812. Though still only in his seventeenth year, the management of the business mainly devolved upon the nephew; and, during the two years he remained with his uncle, he gave still clearer proofs of that aptitude for commerce which has since carried him to the height of prosperity.

In the early part of the Georgetown period of his life, occasion arose to call forth qualities which probably few would have expected to find in Mr. George Peabody. The war, so long threatened, now appeared inevitable; for the British fleet had ascended the Potomac, and were menacing the capital. This roused the patriotism of the young merchant. Though he had not yet reached the age at which military service could be imposed, he joined a volunteer company of artillery, and soon found himself on duty at Fort Warburton, which commanded the river-approach to Washington. The expected attack was not, however, made; and Mr. Peabody returned to the peaceful, and to him more congenial, avocations of commerce. For this service, together with a previous short service at Newburyport, Mr. Peabody lately received one of the grants of one hundred acres of land, bestowed, under certain conditions, by act of Congress, upon the defenders of the Republic at this perilous time.

After having spent some two years in the service of his uncle, he entered into partnership, in a wholesale drapery business, with Mr. Elisha Riggs, Mr. Riggs agreeing to furnish the capital, and Mr. Peabody to transact the business. This arrangement proved eminently satisfactory to both parties. In 1815, the house was removed to Baltimore. In 1823, branch establishments were opened in Philadelphia and in New York. In 1826, Mr. Peabody became the senior partner, through the retirement of Mr. Riggs, who took up his residence in New York, where he died in 1853, leaving a name highly respected.

It was in 1827 that Mr. Peabody first visited Europe; and during the next ten years he repeatedly crossed the Atlantic in connection with business. Early in 1837, he took up his abode

in England. In 1843, he retired from the firm of Peabody, Riggs & Co., and established himself in London as an American commission-agent and banker. From this period dates the acquisition of a large portion of his fortune.

On more than one occasion Mr. Peabody's judgment, integrity, and vast financial resources, have been of eminent public service, both to his native land and to the land of his adoption. During the commercial crisis in 1835, he was made, under an act of the Maryland Assembly, one of three commissioners to negotiate a loan for that State. The transaction was successfully completed. In recognition of this and other services, the General Assembly of Maryland, in 1848, expressed in public resolutions the obligations of the State to him. In 1851, he himself bore the whole expense of arranging the American department of the Great Exhibition in London. The following year, when Mr. Henry Grinnell generously offered his vessel, the *Advance*, for a second expedition, under Dr. Kane, to the

Arctic seas, in search of Sir John Franklin, Mr. Peabody again came forward with his liberality, and by a gift of \$10,000 defrayed the expenses of the voyage. In the same year, when the citizens of his native town, Danvers, celebrated the hundredth year of their corporate existence, Mr. Peabody, though unable to be present at their festivities, gave a tangible proof of his interest in them, by presenting a gift of \$20,000 to found an institute and library for the benefit of the people. To this anniversary gift he has since added large donations, amounting in all, along with the original sum, to upward of \$200,000. Visiting his native country, in 1837, after an absence of nearly twenty years, Mr. Peabody fulfilled his intention, formed long before, of founding in the city of Baltimore an institute upon a much more extensive scale than the above. The scheme was to comprise a large free library, the periodical delivery of lectures by eminent literary and scientific men, an academy of music, a gallery of art, and accommodation for the Maryland Historical Society. For this purpose he gave \$300,000, to which he at one time added \$200,000, and again, in 1866, \$500,000. The corner-stone of the building was laid in 1858; but the erection of it was delayed for years by the unsettled state of the country.

Mr. Peabody's letter to the trustees of the Baltimore Institute affords an interesting glimpse of his catholic sympathies and large-hearted benevolence. Toward the conclusion he says:

"My earnest wish to promote, at all times, a spirit of harmony and good-will in society, my aversion to intolerance, bigotry, and party rancor, and my enduring respect and love for the happy institutions of our prosperous republic, impel me to express the wish that the institute I have proposed to you shall always be strictly guarded against the possibility of being made a theatre for the dissemination or discussion of sectarian theology

or party politics; that it shall never minister, in any manner whatever, to political dissension, to infidelity, to visionary theories of a pretended philosophy, which may be aimed at the subversion of the approved morals of society; that it shall never lend its aid or influence to the propagation of opinions tending to create or encourage sectional jealousies in our happy country, or which may lead to the alienation of the people of one State or section of the Union from those of another—but, that it shall be so conducted, throughout its whole career, as to teach political and religious charity, toleration, and beneficence, and prove itself to be, in all contingencies and conditions, the true friend of our inestimable Union, of the salutary institutions of free government, and of liberty regulated by law."

During this sojourn in the United States, towns and public bodies vied with each other in seeking to honor their distinguished countryman. With his characteristic modesty, Mr.

Peabody declined all such proposals with one exception—that of his native town. The enthusiastic reception he met with from the people of Danvers has left an impression on all concerned, that will not soon be effaced.

In 1858, Mr. Peabody again returned to England. Some years subsequent to this date, he set about giving effect to his long-cherished intention of doing something for the benefit of the laboring poor of London. His princely donations for this purpose have already attained a world-wide celebrity; and whether we consider the magnitude of the gift, or the wisdom that has dictated the mode of its application, this will appear one of the grandest schemes of beneficence on record, either in ancient or in modern times. The sums bestowed, and the dates of their announcement, are: March 12, 1862, £150,000; January 29, 1866, £100,000;

and December 5, 1868, £100,000; making a total of £350,000, given "to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor" of London. Well might the Queen of England designate it "the noble act of more than princely munificence."

Ill, indeed, would it speak for the people of Great Britain if such almost unparalleled generosity had awakened no grateful response in their bosoms. Unfortunately, in one sense, though not in another, it was not easy to find a tangible mode of expressing the deep gratitude and genuine admiration that had been aroused in the community. The same feelings that led Mr. Peabody to decline the public acknowledgments of the cities of his native land, in 1857, prevented him from accepting the honors which Englishmen were ready to shower upon him. The Freedom of the City was bestowed upon him by the Corporation of London; and acknowledgments from many other public bodies were freely offered. Arrangements were also entered into for the erection of his statue. The only occasion on which he appeared in public was at the close of the Working-Classes' Exhibition in the Guildhall, in 1866, when he re-



George Peabody.

ceived an enthusiastic welcome which even royalty itself might envy.

A short time before his sailing for America, in 1866, a proposal was made to confer on Mr. Peabody either a baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath: but he declined them both. When asked *what* gift, if any, he would accept, he replied: "A letter from the Queen of England which I may carry across the Atlantic, and deposit as a memorial of one of her most faithful sons." To this modest request a ready response was given by the following letter, which has since been deposited, along with the portrait of her majesty, in the Peabody Institute at Danvers:

"WINDSOR CASTLE, March 28, 1866.

"The queen hears that Mr. Peabody intends shortly to return to America, and she would be sorry that he should leave England without being assured by herself how deeply she appreciates the noble act of more than princely munificence by which he has sought to relieve the wants of her poorer subjects residing in London. It is an act, as the queen believes, wholly without parallel, and which will carry its best reward in the consciousness of having contributed so largely to the assistance of those who can little help themselves.

"The queen would not, however, have been satisfied without giving Mr. Peabody some public mark of her sense of his munificence, and she would gladly have conferred upon him either a baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, but that she understands Mr. Peabody to feel himself debarred from accepting such distinctions.

"It only remains, therefore, for the queen to give Mr. Peabody this assurance of her personal feelings, which she would further wish to mark by asking him to accept a miniature portrait of herself, which she will desire to have painted for him, and which, when finished, can either be sent to him in America, or given to him on the return which she rejoices to hear he meditates to the country that owes him so much."

To this letter Mr. Peabody replied:

"THE PALACE HOTEL, BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, April 3, 1866."

"MADAM: I feel sensibly my inability to express in adequate terms the gratification with which I have read the letter which your majesty has done me the high honor of transmitting by the hands of Earl Russell.

"On the occasion which has attracted your majesty's attention, of setting apart a portion of my property to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor of London, I have been actuated by a deep sense of gratitude to God, who has blessed me with prosperity, and of attachment to this great country, where, under your majesty's benign rule, I have received so much personal kindness and enjoyed so many years of happiness. Next to the approval of my own conscience, I shall always prize the assurance which your majesty's letter conveys to me of the approbation of the Queen of England, whose whole life has attested that her exalted station has in no degree diminished her sympathy with the humblest of her subjects. The portrait which your majesty is graciously pleased to bestow on me, I shall value as the most gracious heirloom that I can leave in the land of my birth, where, together with the letter which your majesty has addressed to me, it will ever be regarded as an evidence of the kindly feeling of the Queen of the United Kingdom toward a citizen of the United States.

"I have the honor to be

"Your majesty's most obedient servant,

"GEORGE PEABODY."

During his visit to America Mr. Peabody may be said to have eclipsed his former self in generosity, if that were possible. Even to those acquainted with the donations he had already made in the United States and England, the number and munificence of his benefactions during this visit will appear almost incredible. To Phillips Academy in Andover, he gave \$25,000; to the Newburyport Library, \$15,000; to building a new church in Georgetown, Massachusetts, \$100,000; to a library in the same town, \$16,000; to the Essex Institute, at Salem, \$140,000; to the Library at Thetford, Vermont, \$5,000; to the

Massachusetts Historical Society, in Boston, \$30,000; to the Peabody Institute of Archaeology, at Cambridge, \$150,000; to found a geological branch at Yale College, \$150,000; to the Peabody Institute, at Baltimore, the additional gift, alluded to above, of \$500,000; to the Maryland Historical Society, \$20,000; to Kenyon College, Ohio, \$25,000; to the Southern Educational Fund, \$1,500,000 (to which sum he has added within a few weeks an additional million); for a library in Georgetown, District of Columbia, \$15,000; making altogether considerably over three-and-a-half millions of dollars, besides an additional gift to the Peabody Institute at Danvers. Of his relatives in America he was not unmindful, distributing among them, \$1,400,000. During the rebellion he had also given \$10,000 to the Sanitary Fund.

With such a bounteous hand did Mr. Peabody fulfil the resolution formed at an early period of his commercial life, that, should his labors be blessed with success, he would devote a portion of the property thus acquired to promote the intellectual, moral, and physical welfare and comfort of his fellow-men.

In the foregoing narrative we have done little more than enumerate the main facts of Mr. Peabody's life, and have purposely abstained from those expressions of sympathetic appreciation, admiration, and praise, which seem so appropriate to the occasion. This abstinence is justified on several grounds. We feel how inadequate language is to express either the admiration men have of Mr. Peabody's character, or the obligations under which he has laid them. Moreover, there is reason to believe that such panegyric, however well-merited *we* might think it, would be distasteful to him who is the subject of it. But, above all, what need is there of the eloquence of words to pay homage to a life already made honorable by the far grander and more enduring eloquence of noble deeds? When this generation has passed away, and its tributes of praise have been forgotten, the works themselves of Mr. Peabody will not only endure, but continue to increase; and those "future generations," which he hopes will profit by his beneficence, will appreciate even better than the present how successfully he has grappled with a great and growing evil.

If, as we believe, the recollections of a life of activity and usefulness constitute a main source of the pleasures of old age, how enviable must be the declining years of Mr. Peabody! He has neither labored in vain nor spent his wealth for nought. That he may yet live many years to enjoy this well-earned conviction, is the sincere desire of millions of grateful admirers both in America and England.

## THE PRINCE AMONG THE PHILOSOPHERS.

BY DR. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

AN American in England is often surprised as well as amused and instructed by the forms in which loyalty shows itself, and at first it seems to him as if a mysterious and invisible power were everywhere worshipped under a peculiar set of ciphers, symbols, and ceremonies. The official who examined our baggage at Queenstown was earnest to prove his devotion to the queen, and with his Irish brogue blessed her majesty with a fervor that might not be amiss in his devotion to the queen of heaven. The hotel where we ate our first mutton-chops bore the royal name and cipher, and the first hotel, where we were regaled by the fresh air and fine scenery of the lake country, rejoiced in being called the Victoria. The cab that took us to our lodgings in London bore the potent cipher V. R. on its front—all the great buildings in the city seemed to record their homage to the same unseen power. Every day her movements and her rests were reported to the admiring nation, but nothing was seen and little was expected of her presence. Her royal name, of course, depends upon the power which she represents, but no small measure of her per-



personal influence depends upon her seclusion and distance. It would not do to have her seen everywhere and by everybody, without ceremony, unless she possessed great gifts which familiarity would exalt instead of disparaging.

We, of course, respect the English for their loyalty to their crown and country, and we, in our way, are quite as loyal to our flag and nation; yet we cannot possibly identify the nation with any one person, and while we treat our president with honor, and resent any indignity to him as a personal insult to ourselves, we show in our manners that we look upon him as one of ourselves, and expect him to keep his hold upon our regard by his fidelity to his trust. With us loyalty is primarily a great principle, while with the English it is primarily moved on great personality.

Just now it seems to be an important question in England how far the new thought and life of the people are to keep up the old homage to the royal family as now represented by the Prince of Wales, who is his worthy mother's constant and legitimate proxy. One hears of the prince everywhere at colleges and orphan asylums, as well as at concerts and theatres, races and horse shows, breakfasts and dinners. It was to me a great privilege to meet him among the philosophers of England, and to be present at the Royal Institution, when he presided over the meeting in honor of Faraday. It was not a large assembly, not more than one hundred and fifty in all, both members and guests, and the shape of the hall was an amphitheatre which allowed us all to be very near the coming majesty of England. My next neighbor was the accomplished chemist of the Woolwich Arsenal, and he helped beguile the half hour's delay by pointing out the notables present and by answering questions as to the application of chemistry to the new ordinance. He led me to think that the new science had not much changed the composition of explosives except in the use of gun-cotton, but had greatly helped the processes of the manufacture of gunpowder.

In due time the door leading to the platform opened, and the officers of the institution appeared, escorting their royal guest. He is much changed in the ten years since his visit to America, and I could not have recognized him from his appearance then. His features were then large and bony, and his nose was prominent, and his look boyish, but now he is smooth and round, and the bald spot on his head is a sign that a royal head is subject to the usual infirmities of our race, and the heir-apparent, as a poor punster suggests, may in some places have no apparent hair. He has evidently gained in knowledge, ease, tact, and it is to be hoped in solid manhood. He certainly bore himself with good sense and modesty, made a nice little speech, without the least particle of pretense and wholly to the purpose, and announced each speaker in due turn. When an apt thing was said, he applauded with the rest of us, and when respectful reference was made to the queen-mother, he showed a manly tenderness, free alike from indifference and sentimentalism. So far as utterance was concerned, he got through better than any of the philosophers, except Dumas, who gave an eloquent *éloge* in French on Faraday's place in science, and Tyndall, a wiry, American-looking man, who managed to say, without stumbling, some good words as to the queen's kindness to Faraday, and the claims of men of science upon the honor and help of the nation. All the speeches were well enough, except the remark of a baronet as to the *condescension* of his royal highness in being present at the meeting, yet the general manner was surprising in its indistinctness, hesitation, and stutter. It really seems as if the English were ceasing to be an articulate people, and were falling back into the barbaric method of grunting and snorting. It was really very difficult to make out what most of those philosophers were saying, and I doubt if most Americans could, if they tried, stutter as badly as some of these world-renowned sages. It is very much so everywhere, especially in the higher classes, and in parliament, and even in the pulpit, the speakers use words as if they were meant to disguise in-

stead of to express the thoughts and purposes. I heard a marquis speak a half hour in the House of Lords, and could not clearly hear what he was driving at, and the lords themselves did not seem to hear him or to care about him. With the plain people it is not so, and I heard, in the Common Council of the city of London, as good lungs, and throats, and voices, as our electors bring into service. When I heard Spurgeon preach, his first words explained the secret of his success, for he was the only man that I had then heard in the English pulpit that seemed to have the full power of speech, and he was like an articulating man among a herd of half-dumb creatures. I afterward heard the new bishop of Lichfield speak out like a healthy man in St. Paul's, and his noise was probably tolerated by his silken-lipped fellows on the ground that he had made himself hoarse by shouting for some twenty years to his New-Zealand savages. John Bright, too, is vulgar enough to have good lungs as well as stomach, and it is to be hoped that his rising power will tell on the voices as well as the votes of young England.

There is something to be said in favor of this unwillingness of cultivated Englishmen to speak out. They do not wish to seem to make a fuss, or thrust their own individuality upon others. They like to have it taken for granted that they are all right, and that they stand by principles and institutions that speak for themselves. Yet there is a limit to such reserve, and it was a great disappointment to have so little distinct utterance from such masters of science as Owen, Murchison, Wheatstone, Holland, Playfair, Sabine, Tyndall, and their associates. Yet they were all true to their great associate's memory, and the prince himself deserved a place in the assembly, as having been a true and substantial friend to Faraday in his lifetime of toil and struggle.

It was well to set the sum of five guineas as the limit of each subscription to the Faraday memorial, and probably a large amount will be raised in this way, although the English are backward in acknowledging scientific merit, and their whole realm is filled with the statues and monuments of fighting men and war ministers. How odd for Minister Lowe to object to commemorating Faraday, by the nation, because he was not in the public service! It is thought public service to blow up an enemy's ship, or storm his fortress, but wholly a private affair to discover new laws and powers of Nature, and put new and mighty forces at the command of the country and the race. The memorial to Faraday will be given, and it ought to be more than a mere statue. It should be a stately telegraphic temple, where the thoughts of all nations flash perpetually into union, or a school where natural science is taught to the people of England and their neglected children.

I saw Faraday's simple, homely grave-stone at Highgate, and wondered that such a thing could be set up to his great name. Our far-off America paid him a greater tribute; and, in one of our leading New-York churches, on the Sunday evening after the news of his death, the services turned on the worth of the study of the mind of God in the universe, and the mission of Faraday and his peers in revealing natural powers that border upon the world of spirits.

The English are evidently accepting more and more the lessons of the new age, and numbering men of science among their masters, although such leaders of profitable arts as Watt and Brunel get into St. Paul's and Westminster, after death, sooner than laborers and thinkers in the more intellectual and universal sphere. Great delight was expressed by liberal men at the prince's presence on this occasion, and the Lord Mayor of London alluded to it with high praise, in my hearing, at his banquet to the archbishops, bishops, and clergy. It will be well if the prince uses as wisely all the means of influence within his power. He is evidently a kind-hearted young man, and there was a very friendly feeling between him and the assembly at the Royal Institution on that rainy Monday in June. We

Americans have especial reason to be interested in his welfare, for we gave him as great honors as he ever can receive in his life, and we did it honestly from sincere respect for the queen, and the best wishes for her eldest son and heir. She sent him to see us, and we did our best to entertain him without unseemly intrusion or base sycophancy.

We keep the same good feeling now, although not wholly satisfied with his career thus far. He appears to be a well-bred, unassuming, free-hearted young man, yet not with the positive convictions and purposes that belong to the heir of the English throne in this trying age of institutions and ideas. An American who has much love for old England has a right to say, what all England feels and often whispers, that the prince will do well to keep the place which his honored mother and lovely wife maintain for him, and to think less of dogs and horses, jockeys and actresses of a certain class, than of the sound common-sense and conscience of his race, and of the homes, laws, and churches, that are the health and glory of his realm.

Paris, July 6, 1869.

## THE MAN WHO LAUGHS ; \*

OR,

## BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

### VII.

#### HUMAN STORMS WORSE THAN OCEAN STORMS.

THE doors were shut again; the usher of the black rod re-entered; the lords commissioners left the bench of state, and took their seats at the head of the dukes' bench, in their official places, and the lord-chancellor spoke thus:

— My lords, the Chamber having deliberated for several days upon the bill that proposes to augment by one hundred thousand pounds sterling the annual provision of his royal highness the prince, husband of her Majesty, and the debate having been exhausted and closed, you will now proceed to vote. The vote will be taken, according to usage, beginning with the youngest of the bench of barons. Each lord, at the calling of his name, will stand up and reply *content* or *not content*, and will be at liberty to set forth the reasons of his vote, if he so thinks fit. Clerk, call the roll.

The clerk of Parliament, on his feet, opened a large folio volume, set up on a gilded desk, which was the Book of the Peerage.

The *puîné* of the Chamber at that period was Lord John Hervey, created baron and peer in 1703, from whom are descended the Marquises of Bristol.

The clerk called:

— My Lord John, Baron Hervey.

An old man, in a blond wig, rose and said:

— Content.

Then he sat down.

The sub-clerk registered the vote.

The clerk went on:

— My Lord Francis Seymour, Baron Conway of Killultagh.

— Content, murmured, as he half rose from his seat, a graceful young man with a page's figure, who had no suspicion that he was to be the grandfather of Marquises of Hertford.

— My Lord John Leveson, Baron Gower, resumed the clerk.

This baron, from whom were to spring the Dukes of Sutherland, rose up, and said, as he sat down again:

— Content.

The clerk continued:

— My Lord Hervey Finch, Baron Guernesey.

The ancestor of the Earls of Aylesford, no less young and elegant than the ancestor of the Marquises of Hertford, justi-

fied his device, *Aperto visere voto*, by the haughtiness of his assent.

— Content! he cried.

While he was seating himself, the clerk called the fifth baron:

— My Lord John, Baron Granville.

— Content, replied, all at once up and down again, Lord Granville de Potheridge, whose futureless peerage was to be extinct in 1709.

The clerk passed on to the sixth.

— My Lord Charles Mountague, Baron Halifax.

— Content, said Lord Halifax, bearer of a title beneath which the name of Saville had become, and the name of Mountague was to become, extinct. Mountague is distinct from Montagu and from Mountacute.

And Lord Halifax added:

— The Prince George has a dotation as her Majesty's husband; he has another as prince of Denmark; another as Duke of Cumberland; and another as lord high-admiral of England and Ireland. But he has not one as generalissimo. That is an injustice. This irregularity must be brought to an end, in the interest of the English people.

Then Lord Halifax gave vent to a eulogy on the Christian religion, censured the papal, and voted the subsidy.

Lord Halifax reseated, the clerk persevered:

— My Lord Christopher, Baron Barnard.

Lord Barnard, from whom the Dukes of Cleveland were to descend, rose at the call of his name.

— Content.

And he was somewhat slow in taking his seat again, having on a lace cravat, which was worth the trouble of looking at. For the rest, a worthy gentleman and a valiant officer was Lord Barnard.

While Lord Barnard was settling himself, the clerk, who read by routine, hesitated a little. He adjusted his spectacles, and leaned over the register with redoubled attention; then, lifting his head up, he called:

— My Lord Fernain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville.

Gwynplaine rose.

— Not content, said he.

All the heads were turned toward him. Gwynplaine was on his feet. The flicker of the candles placed on either side of the throne vividly lighted up his face, and made it stand out, in the vast dim hall, in such relief as a mask would have on a background of smoke.

Gwynplaine had made that effort over himself, which, it may be remembered, was strictly within his power. By a concentration of will, equal to that which is requisite for taming a tiger, he had succeeded for a moment in bringing back to gravity the fatal grin upon his countenance. For the instant, he did not laugh. This could not last long; departures from that which is the law of our being, or our fatality, are brief. Sometimes the water of the sea resists the law of gravitation, puffs itself up into a water-spout, and becomes a mountain—but on condition of falling back again. Such was the struggle of Gwynplaine. For a minute, that he felt to be a solemn one, but for not much longer time than the lightning-flash endures, he had cast over his brow, by a prodigious intensity of will, the sombre veil of his soul. He held his incurable laugh in suspense; he withdrew jocularity from the face that had been sculptured for him. He was but simply hideous.

— What is that man? was the general cry.

An indescribable shudder ran along all the benches. That forest of hair, those cavernous sinkings under the eye-brows, that deep outlook from an eye that was not visible, the fierce modelling of that head—horrible mingling of light and shadow—it was wondrous. It surpassed every thing. It was vain to have talked of Gwynplaine—the seeing him was awful. They even, who looked for it, could not have looked for it.

\* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Figure to yourself, upon a mountain reserved for the gods, and, during a festival on some serene evening, the whole assemblage of the omnipotent gathered together, and the face of Prometheus, torn by the peckings of the vulture's beak, appearing all at once, like a bloody moon upon the horizon! Olympus recognizing Caucasus—what a spectacle! Young and old stared at Gwynplaine, open-mouthed.

An old man highly esteemed by all the Chamber—one who had seen many men and many things, and was marked out for a dukedom—Thomas, Earl of Wharton, rose in affright.

—What's the meaning of this? he exclaimed. Who has introduced this man into the House? Let him be put out!

And addressing himself disdainfully to Gwynplaine:

—Who are you? Whence do you come?

Gwynplaine answered:

—From the bottomless pit.

And, crossing his arms, he eyed the lords.

—Who am I? I am wretchedness. My lords, I have something to say to you.

There was a shuddering, and silence. Gwynplaine continued:

—My lords, you are placed high. It is well thus. It must be believed that God has His reasons for this. You have power, opulence, pleasure, the sun immovable at your zenith, unlimited authority, enjoyment undivided, a total forgetfulness of others. So be it. But there is something below you. Above you, perhaps. My lords, I impart to you a novelty. The human race exists.

Assemblies resemble children; incidents are their surprise-boxes, of which they are afraid, while delighting in them. Sometimes it seems as though a spring were touched, and a devil is seen to jump out of his hole. Thus, Mirabeau in France, himself, too, deformed.

Gwynplaine, at this moment, felt within him a strange expansion. A group of men, whom you address, is a tripod. You are, so to say, standing upon a pinnacle of souls. You have, beneath your heel, a tremor of human entrails. Gwynplaine was no longer the man who, the night previous, had been for an instant almost diminutive. The fumes of his sudden elevation, that had troubled him, were lightened and had become transparent; and there, where Gwynplaine had been seduced by a feeling of vanity, he now perceived his function. That, which at first had lessened, now uplifted him. He was illumined by one of those grand lightning-flashes that are evolved from duty.

From all sides around Gwynplaine, there was a cry:

—Hear! hear!

He, meanwhile, gathered up within himself and superhuman, succeeded in maintaining on his countenance the severe and lugubrious contraction, under which the grin was prancing, like a wild horse ready to break away. He went on:

—I am he who comes from the depths. My lords, you are the great and the rich. That is perilous. You take advantage of the night. But have a care; there is a great power, the morning. The dawn cannot be vanquished. It will come. It comes. It has within it the outbreak of irresistible day. And who will hinder this sling from hurling the sun into the sky? The sun—that is right. You—you are Privilege. Be afraid. The true master of the house is about to knock at the door. What is the father of Privilege? Chance. And what is his son? Abuse. Neither Chance nor Abuse is enduring. They have, both of them, an evil to-morrow. I come to warn you. I come to denounce to you your own bliss. It is made out of the ills of others. You have every thing; and this every thing is composed from others' nothing. My lords, I am a disheartened advocate, and I plead a cause that is lost. But that cause God will regain. For myself, I am nothing, save a voice. The human race is a mouth, and I am its cry. You shall hear me. I come to open before you, peers of England, the grand assizes of the people—that sovereign who is the patient one,

that convict who is the judge. I am bowed down under what I have to say. Where to begin? I know not. I have picked up, in the vast experience of suffering, my vast though straggling pleas. Now, what shall I do with them? They overwhelm me, and I throw them forth, pell-mell before me. Had I foreseen this? No. You are astonished. So am I. Yesterday, I was a mountebank; to-day, I am a lord. Deep-played game. Of whom? Of the unknown. Let us tremble, all. My lords, all the azure is on your side. You do but see the holiday side of this immense universe; learn that there is shadow to it. Among you, I am called Lord Fernain Clancharlie; but my true name is a poor man's name, Gwynplaine. I am a wretch, cut out from the stuff whereof the great are made, by a king whose good pleasure it was. This is my story. Several among you have known my father. I never knew him. It is by his feudal side that he is akin to you; while I cleave to him by his side of banishment. What God has done is well. I was thrown into the abyss. To what end? That I might see its very depth. I am a diver, and I bring up thence the pearl, truth. I speak, because I know. You shall hear me, my lords. I have experienced. I have seen. Suffering—no, it is not a word, O masters in bliss. Poverty—I have grown up in it; winter—I have shivered in it; famine—I have tasted it; scorn—I have undergone it; the plague—I have had it; shame—I have drunk of it! And I will vomit it forth before you, and this vomit of all miseries will splash your feet, and will flame up. I hesitated, before permitting myself to be brought to this place where I am, for I have other duties elsewhere, and it is not here that my heart is. What has taken place in me is not your affair; when the man, whom you call usher of the black rod, came to look for me on the part of the woman, whom you call the queen, I thought, for a moment, of refusing. But it seemed to me that the mysterious hand of God urged me in this direction, and I obeyed. I felt it requisite that I should come among you. Why? Because of my yesterday's rags. It was in order that my voice might be raised among the satiated, that God commingled me with the hungered. Oh! have pity! Oh! you know not this fatal world, whereto you believe that you belong. So high, you are outside of it. I will tell you what it is. I have had experience. I come up from beneath pressure. I can tell you how much you weigh. O ye, who are masters, know you what you are? What you are doing—see you it? No. Ah! all is terrible. One night, a tempestuous night, very little, abandoned, an orphan, alone in boundless creation, I made my entry into this gloom that you call society. The first thing, that I saw, was law, under the form of a gibbet; the second was wealth—it is your wealth—under the form of a woman dead of cold and hunger; the third was the future, under the form of a child in agony; the fourth was the good, the true, the just, beneath the figure of a vagabond, whose only friend and companion was a wolf.

At this moment, Gwynplaine, overcome by poignant emotion, felt the rising of sobs in his throat; and from this cause came the sinister fact, that he broke out into his laugh.

The contagion was immediate. There had been a cloud over the assemblage; it might have burst out into affright; it burst out into hilarity. The laugh, that full-blown madness, seized the whole Chamber. The guest-chambers of sovereign men ask nothing better than to play the fool. It is thus that they avenge themselves for being serious.

A laugh of kings is like a laugh of the gods; it is never without its cruel point. The lords betook themselves to sport. Sneering made the laugh more pungent. They clapped their hands around him who had been speaking, and mocked him. A hurly-burly of jocose interjections assailed him—a gay and murderous hail-storm.

—Bravo, Gwynplaine!—Bravo, Man Who Laughs!—Bravo, sport of the Green-Box!—Bravo, wild-boar's head of the Tar-rinzeau-Field!—You've given us a performance! Good, babler!—Here's the chap to amuse me!—But doesn't he laugh



well, the animal!—Good-day, dancing-jack!—Hurrah for Lord Clown!—Speak away; go it!—He's a peer of England; bah!—Go on!—No! no!—Yes, yes!

The lord-chancellor was ill at ease.

A deaf lord, James Butler, Duke of Ormond, making with his hand an acoustic ear-trumpet, asked Charles Beauchamp, Duke of St. Albans:

—How has he voted?

St. Albans answered:

—Not content.

—Zounds, said Ormond, I can well believe it, with such a visage as that!

A crowd broken up—and assemblages are crowds—just get hold of it again! Eloquence is a bit; if the bit breaks, the audience runs away, and kicks up its heels until it has dismounted the orator. This is not sufficiently known. To tighten the bridle-rein seems to be a resource, and is not one. But every orator tries it. That is instinct. Gwynplaine tried it.

He looked earnestly for a moment at these men who were laughing.

—Then, cried he, you insult misery! Silence, peers of England! Judges, hear the pleadings! Oh! I conjure you, have pity! Pity on whom? Pity on yourselves. Who is in danger? You are. Do you not perceive that you are in scales, and that there is in one scale your power, and in the other your responsibility? God weighs you. Oh! do not laugh! Think of it. This oscillation of God's balance is the trembling of the conscience. You are not wicked. You are men, as others are, neither better nor worse. You believe yourselves gods; be ill to-morrow, and see your divinity shaking with fever! We are all of equal value. I address myself to honest minds: there are some here. I address myself to exalted intelligences: there are some here. I address myself to generous souls: there are some here. You are fathers, sons, and brothers; therefore, you are often moved. He among you, who looked this morning at his little child, is good. Hearts are the same. Humanity is nothing else than a heart. Between those who oppress, and those who are oppressed, the only difference is in the place where they are situated. Your feet tread upon their heads; but it is not your fault. It is the fault of the social Babel. Faulty construction; every thing out of the perpendicular. One story overlaps another. Listen to me, and I will explain it. Oh! since you are powerful, be fraternal; since you are great, be gentle! If you only knew what I have seen! Alas! in the lower grades, what torments! The human race is in a dungeon! How many convicts, who are innocents! Light is wanting, air is wanting, virtue is wanting; there is no hope; and, what is terrible, there is expectation. Take note of these distresses. There are beings who live in death. There are little girls, who begin at eight by prostitution, and who end at twenty by old age. As for penal punishments, they are fearful. I speak somewhat at random, and I do not pick out. I say what comes into my mind. No later than yesterday, I, who am here, saw a man in chains and naked, with stones upon his belly, expire under torture. Do you know that? No. If you knew what is occurring, not one of you would dare to be happy. Who among you has been to Newcastle-on-Tyne? There are men in the mines, who chew coal, to fill the stomach and cheat hunger. Look you, in Lancashire. Ribbleschester has sunk from town to village, by force of indigence. I do not find that Prince George of Denmark stands in need of an additional hundred thousand of guineas. I should prefer receiving the poor sick man into the hospital, without making him pay his funeral charges in advance. In Caernarvon, at Traithmaur as at Traith-bichan, the exhaustion of the poor is terrible. At Strafford, the marshes cannot be drained, for want of money. The cloth-manufactories are closed all through Lancashire. Want of work everywhere. Are you aware that the Harlech herring-fishermen eat grass,

when the fishery fails? Are you aware that at Burton-Lazars there are still certain lepers driven into the woods, who are fired at if they come out of their dens? At Ailesbury, whereof one of you is lord, dearth is the permanent order of things. At Penckridge, in Coventry, whereof you have just endowed the cathedral and enriched the bishop, there are no beds in the hovels, and holes are dug in the ground for little children to sleep in, so that, in place of beginning with the cradle, they begin with the tomb. I have seen these things myself. My lords, do you know who pays the taxes that you vote? Those who are dying. Alas! you deceive yourselves. You take a wrong road. You augment the poverty of the poor, to augment the riches of the rich. It is the reverse that must be done. What, take from the laborer, to give to the idler! Take from the ragged, to give to the over-fed! Take from the indigent to give to a prince! Oh! yes, I have old republican blood in my veins. I hold all this in horror. I execrate these kings. And how brazen-faced are the women! I have been told a sorrowful story. Oh! how I hate Charles II.! A woman, whom my father had loved, gave herself to that monarch while my father was dying in exile; Charles II., James II.; after a good-for-nothing fellow, a villain! What is there in a king?—a man, a feeble and sorry subject of wants and infirmities. Of what use is a king? You fill to overflowing this parasite royalty. Of this earthworm, you make a boa. Of this tape-worm, you make a dragon. Mercy for the poor! You add weight to the impost, for the benefit of the throne. Beware of the laws that you decree! Beware of the painful sting of the ants whom you are crushing! Lower your eyes! Look at your feet! O great ones, there are little ones! Have pity! Yes, pity on yourselves, for the multitudes are in agony, and that which is below—in dying—brings death upon that which is above. When night comes, none can keep his own corner of day-light. Are you egotists? Save the others. The loss of the ship is not matter of indifference to any passenger. There is no shipwreck of these, without an engulfment of those. Oh! be sure of it, the abyss is for all of us.

The laugh was redoubled, irresistibly. Besides, for enlivening the assembly, what there was of extravagance in these words sufficed.

There is no anguish more humiliating, no anger more deeply stirred, than in being comic externally, and internally tragic. This was the case with Gwynplaine. His words desired to produce one effect; his face produced a different effect. Terrible position! Suddenly his voice rang out in shrill tones:

—They are merry, these men! It is well. Irony sets itself face to face with agony. The sneer does outrage on the death-rattle. They are all powerful. It is possible. Be it so. It will be seen. Ah! I am one of theirs. I am also one of yours, O you, the poor! A king sold me; a poor man picked me up. Who mutilated me? a prince. Who cured me and nourished me? a man dying of hunger. I am Lord Clancharlie, but I remain Gwynplaine. I am connected with the great, and I belong to the small. I am among those who enjoy, and of those who suffer. Ah! this society is false. One day, the true society will come. Then there will be no more lords; there will be free living men. There will be no more masters; there will be fathers. This is the future. No more prostration, no more abasement, no more ignorance, no more men beasts of burden, no more courtiers, no more valets, no more kings—light! In the mean while, here am I. I have a right, and I make use of it. Is it a right? No, if I use it for my own ends. Yes, if I use it for the benefit of all. I will speak to the lords, being one of them. O my grovelling brethren, I will tell them of your destitution. I will stand up, with a handful of the people's rage in my hand, and I will shake over the masters the misery of the slaves; and they will be able no longer—they the favored ones and the haughty ones—to hold themselves aloof from remembrance of the unfortunate, and to deliver themselves—they the princes—from the smart of the poor; and, if the poor be

vermin, so much the worse, and so much the better, if it fall upon lions!

Here Gwynplaine turned toward the under-clerks on the fourth wool-sack, who were writing as they knelt.

—What are these persons who are on their knees? What are you doing there? Rise up; you are men.

This abrupt appeal to subalterns, whom it is not becoming for a lord even to perceive, brought the general hilarity to a climax. "Bravo!" had been the cry; now it was "Hurrah!" From clapping hands, they passed on to stamping feet. It might have been thought that they were at the Green-Box. Only at the Green-Box, the laugh greeted Gwynplaine; here it overwhelmed him. The effort of ridicule is to kill. Sometimes, man's laughter does all in its power to assassinate.

The laugh had become violence. It rained jeering puns.

To be witty is the stupid aim of assemblages. Their far-fetched and foolish giggling puts aside facts, in place of studying them; and proscribes questions at issue, in place of solving them. An incident is a point of interrogation. In laughing, it is a laugh at the puzzle. The sphinx, who does not laugh, lies in wait.

Contradictory shouts were heard.

—Enough! Enough!—Encore! Encore!

William Farmer, Baron Leimster, threw at Gwynplaine the insult of Ryc-Quincy to Shakespeare:

—*Histrion! mimas!*

Lord Vaughan, a sententious individual, the twenty-ninth on the baron's bench, exclaimed:

—Here we are again at the period when the animals harangued. In the midst of human mouths, the jaw of a beast has the word.

—Let's hearken to Balaam's ass! added Lord Yarmouth. Lord Yarmouth had the sagacious air conferred by a bottle nose and a wry mouth.

—The rebel Linneus is chastised in his tomb. The son is the father's punishment! said John Hough, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, whose prebend Gwynplaine had grazed.

—He lies, affirmed Lord Cholmley, the legislator. What he calls torture is *la peine forte et dure*, and a very good pain, too. Torture does not exist in England.

Thomas Wentworth, Baron Raby, appealed to the lord-chancellor:

—My lord chancellor, adjourn the sitting!

—No! no! no! Let it go on! He amuses us! Hip! hip! hip!

Thus shouted the young lords; their gayety came near to madness. Four especially were in the full blast of merriment and of hate. These were: Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester; Thomas Tufton, Earl of Thanet; Viscount Hatton, and the Duke of Montague.

—To your kennel, Gwynplaine! said Rochester.

—Down with him! Down with him! cried Thanet.

Viscount Hatton drew a penny from his pocket, and threw it to Gwynplaine.

And John Campbell, Earl of Greenwich, Savage, Earl Rivers, Thompson, Baron Haversham, Wallington, Escrik, Rolliston, Rockingham, Carteret, Langdale, Banester Maynard, Hunsdon, Caernarvon, Cavendish, Burlington, Robert Darcy, Earl of Holderness, and Other Windsor, Earl of Plymouth, applauded.

Tumult of pandemonium or of the Pantheon, wherein Gwynplaine's words were swallowed up. Only the phrase could be distinguished: Take care!

Ralph, Duke of Montagu, recently from Oxford University, and still wearing his earliest mustache, came down from the ducal bench whereon he was the nineteenth sitter, and posed himself with crossed arms in front of Gwynplaine. There is in the sword-blade a spot which cuts the sharpest, and in the voice an accent which insults the most grossly. Montagu adopted that accent, and, grinning in Gwynplaine's face, cried out to him:

—What's that, that you say?

—I predict, replied Gwynplaine.

There was a fresh explosion of laughter. And, underneath this laughter, anger was muttering in sustained bass. One of the minor peers, Lionel Cransfield Sackville, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, got up standing on his bench, not laughing, but grave as becomes a future legislator, and not saying a word, looked at Gwynplaine with his own fresh countenance of twelve years, and shrugged his shoulders. This caused the Bishop of St. Asaph to lean toward the ear of the Bishop of St. David, seated beside him, and to say to him, pointing at Gwynplaine: There's the madman!—And pointing to the child: There's the sage!

A chaos of sneering laughs broke through confused exclamations:—Gorgon's face!—What's the meaning of this adventure?—Affront to the House!—What an exception is such a fellow!—Shame! shame!—Let the sitting be adjourned!—No! let it be finished!—Speak out, buffoon!

Lord Lewis de Duras, his hands on his hips, cried out:

—Ah! how good laughing is! My spleen is charmed away. I propose a vote of thanks, conceived thus: The House of Lords thanks the Green-Box.

Gwynplaine, it will be remembered, had dreamed of a different reception.

Any one who, above a dizzy depth, has clambered up a steep slope of sand entirely friable—who has felt his hold loosen and escape from under his hands, from under his nails, from under his elbows, from under his knees, from under his feet—who, sliding back in place of advancing up this refractory escarpment—a prey to the anguish of slipping—sinking-in, instead of climbing—descending instead of mounting up—increasing the certainty of being lost by efforts made in direction of the summit—and losing himself a little more surely at each movement to withdraw himself from danger—has felt the formidable approach of the abyss, and has had in his bones the chilling sensation of a fall into the gaping jaws beneath him. Such a one has experienced what Gwynplaine experienced.

He felt what he was ascending crumble away beneath him; and his audience was a precipice.

There is always some one who sums up every thing in a word.

Lord Scarsdale translated the feeling of the assemblage into an exclamation:

—What has this monster come to do here?

Gwynplaine stood up, desperate, indignant, as it were in a supreme convulsion. He eyed them all with fixed look.

—What do I come to do here? I come to be terrific. I am a monster, say you? No; I am the people. I am an exception? No; I am all the world. It is you who are the exception. You are the chimera, and I am the reality. I am man. I am the fearful Man Who Laughs. Who laughs at what? At you. At himself. At every thing. And what is his laugh? Your crime and his torment. This crime, he throws it in your face; this torment, he spits it in your face! I laugh, that is to say, I weep.

He stopped. They were silent. The laughter continued; but it was low. He could count in some degree on having regained attention. He drew a long breath, and went on:

—This laugh that is on my face, it was a king who put it there. This laugh expresses universal desolation. This laugh means hate, contains silence, madness, despair. This laugh is the result of tortures. This laugh is a forced laugh. If Satan had this laugh, this laugh would be a reproach to God. But the Eternal is not like the perishable; being absolute, he is the just one; and God hates what kings are doing. Ah! you take me for an exception! I am a symbol. O all-powerful fools that you are, open your eyes! I incarnate every thing. I represent humanity, such as its masters have made it. Man is a mutilated being. That, which has been done to me, has been done to the human race. Deformity has been stamped

upon right, justice, truth, reason, intelligence—as, in me, upon the eyes, the nostrils, and the ears. As with me, there has been put in its heart a cloaca of anger and grief, and on its face a mask of contentedness. Where the finger of God was placed, the claw of the king has leaned hard. Monstrous laying on of hands! Bishops, peers, and princes! the people is the profound sufferer, who laughs upon the surface. My lords, I tell you that I am the people. To-day you oppress them; to-day you hoot at me. But the future is the darksome thawing out. What was stone becomes wave. The appearance of solidity changes into submersion. A cracking, and all is said. An hour will come, when a convulsion will snap short your oppression, when a roaring will reply to your hootings. This hour is come already—you were of it, O my father!—this hour of God did come, and it was called Republic; it was driven away; it will return. In the mean while, bear in mind that the series of kings armed with the sword was interrupted by Cromwell armed with the axe! Tremble! The incorruptible dissolutions draw near; the clipped talons push out again; the torn-out tongues take to flight, become tongues of fire scattered to the wind of darkness, and howl in the infinite; they who are hungry show their idle teeth; paradises built over hells totter; there is suffering, there is suffering, there is suffering, and that which is above leans over, and that which is below gapes open; the shadow asks to become light; the damned discuss the elect; it is the people that are on-coming. I tell you, it is man who ascends; it is the end that is beginning; it is the red dawning of catastrophe—and this is what there is in this laugh, at which you are laughing! London is a perpetual fête. Be it so. England is, from end to end, one acclamation. Yes. But hearken: All that you see is myself. You have your festivals—they are my laugh. You have public rejoicings—they are my laugh. You have marriages, consecrations, coronations—they are my laugh. You have births of princes—they are my laugh. Above you, you have the thunder—it is my laugh!

How to hold out against such things! The laugh recommenced, and this time it was overwhelming. Of all the lava that the human mouth jets forth, the most corrosive crater is delight. No crowd resists the contagion of doing ill in high glee. It is not on the scaffold that all executions take place; and men, so soon as they are gathered together, be they multitude or assembly, have in the midst of them an executioner ever ready—who is sarcasm. No torment comparable to his, who is miserable and ridiculous. Gwynplaine underwent this torment. Hilarity, over him, was stoning and grape-shot. He was coral-rattle and manikin, Turk's head and target. They bounded on their seats; they cried encore! they writhed; they stamped their feet; they clutched hold of each other's collars. The majesty of the place, the purple of the robes, the purity of the ermine, the voluminousness of the wigs, made no difference. The lords laughed, the bishops laughed, the judges laughed. The old men's bench smoothed its wrinkles, the children's bench wriggled. The Archbishop of Canterbury jogged the elbow of the Archbishop of York. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, brother of the Earl of Northampton, was holding his sides. The lord-chancellor lowered his eyes, to hide his probable laugh. And at the bar, that statue of respect, the usher of the black rod, was laughing.

Gwynplaine, very pale, had crossed his arms; and, surrounded by all these faces, young and old, whereon a grand Homeric jubilation was radiant—in this whirlwind of hands clapping, and stamping feet, and hurrahs—in this maddened buffoonery, whereof he was the centre—in this splendid outpouring of hilarity—in the midst of this prodigious gaiety—he had, within him, the sepulchre. All was over. He could no longer master his face that betrayed him, nor his audience that insulted him.

Never had that eternal and fatal law—the grotesque riveted to the sublime, the laugh reverberating the roar, parody riding on the same horse behind despair, the misconstruction between

what seems and what is—blazed out with more of horror. Never had a more sinister light lighted up profound human darkness.

Gwynplaine assisted at the definitive breaking down of his destiny, by an outburst of laughter. Therein was the remediless. You may get up again, when fallen; you cannot get up again, when pulverized. This mockery, absurd yet sovereign, ground him to dust. Nothing possible, henceforward. All depends on the position you are in. What was triumph at the Green-Box was fall and catastrophe in the Chamber of Peers. Applause, away yonder, was imprecation here. He was sensible of something like the reverse of his mask. On one side of this mask, there was the popular sympathy accepting Gwynplaine; on the other, the hate of the grandes rejections Lord Fernain Clancharlie. On one side, attraction; on the other, repulsion—both drawing him toward the shade. He felt as though he were struck from behind. Fate has treacherous blows. All will be explained hereafter; but, meanwhile, destiny is a snare, and man falls into traps. He had thought to mount up; this derision was his welcome. Apotheoses have lugubrious endings. There is a sombre phrase—to be sobered by intoxication. Tragic wisdom, that is born of drunkenness. Gwynplaine, enveloped in this gay and ferocious temper, began to dream.

With the current all one way, laughter is immoderate. A jocund assembly is the compass lost. They knew no longer where they were driving, nor what they were doing. It was necessary to close the sitting.

The lord-chancellor, in view of the incident, adjourned the following up the vote until the next day. The House broke up. The lords made their bows to the royal chair, and went away. Their merriment was heard, prolonging and losing itself in the corridors. Assemblies, besides their official doors, have—in the tapestries, in the relieves, and in the mouldings—all sorts of hidden exits, by which they empty themselves, as a vase through its cracks. In brief space, the hall was deserted. This is done very quickly, and without intermediate state. These abodes of tumult are suddenly taken possession of by silence.

Sinking into reverie leads far on; and, by force of dreaming, we end by being as though in another planet. Gwynplaine all at once experienced a sort of waking. He was alone. The hall was empty. He had not even noticed that the sitting was adjourned. All the lords had disappeared, even his two sponsors. There were only, here and there, some inferior officers of the Chamber, waiting for "his lordship's" departure, to put on the covers and extinguish the lights. Mechanically, he put his hat on his head, left his bench, and directed himself to the main door opening upon the gallery. At the moment when he stepped over the separation marked by the bar, a door-keeper relieved him of his peer's robes. He was scarcely aware of it. An instant afterward, he was in the gallery.

The men on duty, who were there, remarked with surprise that this lord had gone out without saluting the throne.

### VIII.

WOULD BE GOOD BROTHER IF HE WERE NOT GOOD SON.

THERE was no longer any one in the corridor. Gwynplaine passed across the circular recess, whence the arm-chair and the tables had been taken away, and where there remained no further trace of his investiture. Candelabra and lustres, at certain distances apart, indicated the way out. Thanks to this line of light, he was easily able to find again, amid the series of saloons and galleries, the route that he had followed, on his arrival with king-at-arms and the usher of the black rod. He fell in with no one, save here and there some old slow-paced lord, marching off heavily, with back turned to him.

Suddenly, in the silence of all these vast deserted halls, the loud outbreak of indistinctly-spoken words reached him, a noc-



turnal hubbub, singular in such a place. He turned his steps to the quarter where he heard it, and found himself at once in a spacious vestibule dimly lighted, which was one of the issues from the Chamber. There were seen a broad glazed door open, a flight of steps, lackeys, and torches; beyond was an open place; carriages were waiting at foot of the flight of steps.

Thence it was that the noise came, which he had heard.

Withinside the door, under the suspended lamp of the vestibule, there was a tumultuous group of persons, and a storm of gesture and voice. Gwynplaine, in the partial obscurity, drew near.

It was a quarrel. On one side there were ten or a dozen young lords wanting to go out—on the other a man, with his hat on like them, and standing stiffly with head thrown back, barring their passage.

Who was this man? Tom-Jim-Jack.

Some of these lords were still in their peer's robes; the others had laid aside the parliamentary costume, and were in every-day dress.

Tom-Jim-Jack had a plumed hat, not with white feathers like the peers', but green, and tipped with orange. He was embroidered and covered with lace from head to foot, with streamers of ribbons and lace from his sleeves and his neck; and he manipulated feverishly with his left hand the hilt of a sword, that he wore crosswise like a spritsail yard, the shoulder-belt and sheath being ornamented with an admiral's anchor.

He it was who was speaking, addressing himself to all these young lords; and Gwynplaine heard what follows:

—I said that you were cowards. You want me to retract my words. Very well. You are not cowards. You are idiots. You have ranged yourselves, all against one. That is not cowardice. Good. Then it is silliness. You have been spoken to; you did not comprehend. Here, the old are dull of hearing, and the young of intelligence. I am sufficiently one of yourselves, to tell you truths regarding yourselves. This new-comer is strange, and he has uttered a heap of absurdities, I allow; but in these absurdities there were some things true. It was confused, ill-digested, badly said; so be it; he repeated too often, "Do you know? do you know?" But a man, who was yesterday a grimace-maker at the fair, is not obliged to speak like Aristotle and like Doctor Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Sarum. The vermin, the lions, the apostrophe to the sub-clerk—all that was in bad taste. Zounds! who says any thing to the contrary? It was a mad-brained and desultory harangue, and one that went all awry; but, here and there, there came out of it certain undeniable facts. It is much to speak thus already, when a man has not studied the trade. I should like to see you at it, you! What he said about the lepers of Burton-Lazars is incontestable. Besides, he is not the first who has said foolish things. In short, my lords, I don't approve of several persons being furious against a single one. Such is my mood, and I ask your lordships' permission to be offended. You have ruffled me; I am sorry for it. For my own part, I don't believe much in God; but that, which would make me believe in Him, is His doing a good action, which does not happen every day. Thus I take it kindly of Him—of this good God, if He exists—His having drawn out from the dregs of this low life this peer of England, and His having restored his heritage to this heir; and, without troubling myself as to whether this does or does not suit my own affairs, I find it a grand sight, this sudden change of the taper-worm into the eagle, of Gwynplaine into Clancharlie. My lords, I forbid you being of any other opinion than mine. I am sorry that Lewis de Duras is not here. I should be most happy to insult him. My lords, Fermain Clancharlie has been the lord, and you have been the mountebanks. As for his laugh, it is not his fault. You have laughed at that laugh. There is no laughing at misfortune. You are ninnies. And cruel ninnies. If you believe that there can be no laughing at you also, you are mistaken; you are ugly, and you are badly dressed. My Lord Haversham, I saw your

mistress, the other day; she is hideous. Duchess, but a sheape. Gentlemen laughers, I repeat that I should like much to see you try to say four words consecutively. Many men chatter; very few speak. You think that you know something, because you have dragged out your do-nothing terms at Oxford or at Cambridge, and because, before being Peers of England on the benches of Westminster Hall, you were asses on the college benches of Gonewill and of Caius! For myself, here I am, and I am ready to look you in the face. You have been impudent with this new lord. A monster; granted. But given up to beasts. I would rather be he, than you. I attended the sitting, in my place, as heir presumptive to a peerage, and I heard all. I had not the right to speak; but I have the right to be a gentleman. Your joyous airs annoyed me. When I am not content, I would go upon Mount Pendlehill to pluck the bramble of the clouds, the cloud-berry which brings the thunder-bolt down on whoever tears it up. That is why I came to wait for you as you went out. It is useful to confer; and we have arrangements to make. Did you even take it into your heads that you were in the least necessary to me? My lords, I have a settled intention of killing some among you. All you who are here, Thomas Tufton, Earl of Thanet—Savage, Earl Rivers—Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland—Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester—you, barons, Gray of Robleston, Cary Hunsdon, Escrick, Rockingham—you, little Carteret—you Robert Darey, Earl of Holderness—you, William, Viscount Halton—and you, Ralph, Duke of Montague—and all others who may wish it—I, David Dirry-Moir, one of the soldiers of the fleet, summon and call you out; and I order you to provide promptly your seconds and sponsors; and I await you face to face, and breast to breast, this evening, at once, to-morrow, by day, by night, under the full sun, by torchlight, where and when and how it may seem good to you, everywhere where there is space enough for two lengths of swords; and you will do well to look to the locks of your pistols and the sharpness of your rapier-points, seeing that I propose to make your peerages vacant. Ogle Cavendish, proceed warily, and think of your device: *Cavendo tutus!* Marmaduke Langdale, it will be wise for you, like your ancestor Gundold, to have yourself followed by a coffin! George Booth, Earl of Warrington, you will never see again the county palatine of Chester, and your labyrinth after the fashion of that of Crete, and your lofty turrets of Dunham Massie! As for Lord Vaughan, he is young enough to utter impertinences, and too old to be responsible for them; for his words, I shall call to account his nephew, Richard Vaughan, member of the Commons, for the borough of Merioneth! You, John Campbell, Earl of Greenwich, I shall kill you as Achon killed Matas, but by a fair-stricken blow, and not from behind, being accustomed to show my heart, and not my back, to the point of the two-handed sword. And it is said, my lords. Whereupon, use witchcraft, if so it seem good to you; consult fortune-tellers; grease your skins with unguents and drugs, that make men invulnerable; hang round your necks the devil's or the Virgin's amulets;—I will fight with you blessed or cursed, and there shall be no need to feel you over to ascertain if you have any sorcerer's charms upon you. On foot, or on horseback. In full meeting of cross-roads, if you please; in Piccadilly, or at Charing Cross; and the street shall be unpaired for our encounter, as the court-yard of the Louvre was unpaired for the duel of Guise and Bassompierre. All. Do you hear? I want you all. Dorme, Earl of Caernarvon, I will make you swallow my blade up to the hilt, as Marolles did to Lisle-Marivaux; and we will see afterward, my lord, whether you will laugh. You, Burlington, who, with your seventeen years, have the air of a girl, you shall have the choice of being buried in the green-sward of your house of Middlesex, or in your beautiful garden of Londesburgh in Yorkshire. I make it known to your lordships, that it does not suit me that any one should be insolent before me. And I will chastise you, my lords. I find it ill, that you have scoffed at Lord Fermain Clancharlie. He is of

greater worth than you. As Clancharlie, he has the nobility that you have; as Gwynplaine, he has the mind that you have not. I make, of his cause, my cause; of his affront, my affront; and of your sneers, my indignation. We shall see who will come out of this affair, living; for I provoke you to the death, do you understand? and to every weapon, and to every mode of combat; and choose you the death that pleases you! And, since you are clowns as well as gentlemen, I proportion the challenge to your qualities; and I offer you all the methods that men have for being killed, from the sword of the prince to the fist of the blackguard!

To this furious discharge of words, all the haughty group of young lords responded by a smile:—Agreed! cried they.

—I choose the pistol, said Burlington.

—I, said Escrik, the ancient combat of the lists, with mace and dagger.

—I, said Holderness, the duel with two knives, the long and the short, naked upward from the waist, and body to body.

—Lord David, said the Earl of Thanet, you are a Scotchman. I choose the claymore.

—I the sword, said Rockingham.

—I, said the Duke Ralph, I prefer boxing. It is more noble.

Gwynplaine came out from the shadow.

He directed his steps toward him whom he had heretofore named Tom-Jim-Jack, but in whom he now began to discern something else.

—I thank you, said he. But this concerns me.

All the heads were turned.

Gwynplaine advanced. He felt himself impelled toward this man, whom he heard called Lord David, and who was his defender, and more still perhaps. Lord David recoiled.

—Stop! said Lord David. It is you! You are here! That happens well. I had also a word to say to you. You spoke, not long since, of a woman who, after having loved Lord Linnaeus Clancharlie, had loved the king, Charles II.

—It is true.

—Sir, you have insulted my mother!

—Your mother! cried Gwynplaine. In that case, I guessed it was so, we are...

—Brothers, continued Lord David.

And he slapped Gwynplaine's face.

—We are brothers, resumed he; and for that reason we can fight. There is no fighting, save between equals. Who is more our own equal than our brother? I will send you my seconds. To-morrow, we will cut each other's throats.

### A PLEA FOR THE TOILERS.

From city's dust and din—

A glad escape—the happy crowds rush on,

Enjoyments new to win,

Or taste the sweet repose by labor won.

Some to the rock-strown beach,

Where silver-crested breakers dance and rave;

Some, where the gentler reach

Of gleaming golden sand scarce frets the wave.

High on the heathy hills,

To taste the perfumed zephyrs, some will creep;

Some lave in cool, bright rills,

That ripple down in glassy lakes to sleep.

Out in the grand old woods,

The wand'ers troop in ev'ry leafy glade,

Startling the solitudes

Where antlered deer alone their homes have made.

Others, in white-winged craft,  
Go skimming o'er the blue of summer seas,  
Quaffing the bounteous draught  
Of health and vigor borne upon the breeze.

On hills, in dales, or farms,  
On sea, or shore, in pleasant country home—  
Such is the life that arms,  
For sterner toil, the favored ones who roam.

Yet workers still remain,  
Who aid to swell our city's pride and wealth,  
And, working, scarcely gain  
The meed of rest that Nature claims for health.

For these no mount nor wood,  
They wander not by lake nor ocean tide:  
Were it not wise and good—  
Who can—to rest the toilers at their side?

P. MAHON.

### THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"  
"THE BROWNINGS," ETC.

#### CHAPTER VII.—PUT TO THE TOUCH.

BEN rushed up the narrow stairs three steps at a time, while Millicent sat listening with her heart beating against her breast. If he had known the flutter it was making, how glad, how hopeful, how proud, the poor young fool would have been! And it was all for him. A sudden hush fell upon him as he went in at the sacred door. Such a privilege had never been accorded him before. He had sat with Millicent by her mother's side; he had spoken to her even while Mrs. Tracy went about from one occupation to another, leaving them virtually alone; but to have her all to himself for—how long?—a year—half an hour—a splendid moment detached from ordinary calculations of time! His eagerness died into the stillness of passion as he went in. She did not get up from her seat, but greeted him with a little touch of her lovely hand, with a subdued gracious smile. If it could be possible that she was a little moved by it—a little breathless, too! He came and sat down opposite the window, as near her as he dared—his eyes now shining, poor fellow! and great waves of color passing over his face.

"Your mother said I might come," he faltered, with the very imbecility of blissfulness. And Millicent nodded her beautiful head kindly at him again.

"Mamma thought I would be lonely," she said. "Poor, dear mamma! she thinks too much of me."

"That is not possible," said Ben. "And—how could she think of any thing else? Ah, if you would but let me try to amuse you a little! You are so young—so—I envy your brother," said the lover, growing red, "when I see how you give him all your thoughts."

"Not all," said Millicent; "oh, indeed, not all! Poor Fitzgerald! But we have so many things to think of. There is no more amusement for poor mamma and me."

"Amusement is a poor sort of thing," said Ben. "You don't think I meant balls and operas? I am not such a wretched fellow as that. What I meant was, if—if you would but try to look round you, and see that there are others in the world—" here he made a pause, half out of awe of the words that were on his lips, half with a lover's device to fix her attention upon them, half because of the grasp of passion upon himself which impeded his breathing and his voice—"who love you," said Ben at last, abruptly, "as well—ten thousand times better than any brother in the world."

He was not thinking of Hamlet—but passion is something like genius, and finds a similar expression now and then in very absence of all thought.

"Ah, Mr. Renton," said Millicent, "you must not say those sort

of things to me. Poor, dear Fitzgerald was not so very fond of me. Some women get loved like that, but I don't think I am one of them. Hush now! If you are going to speak nonsense I must send you away."

"It is no nonsense," said Ben. "If you could but have seen my heart all the time I have been here! It has had no thought but one. I know I am a fool to say so—if I were a prince instead of a disinherited knight—"

"Disinherited?" said Millicent, losing in a moment the soft droop of her hand, the soft fall of her eyelids—all those tender indications of a modest emotion—sitting bolt upright and looking him straight in the face. "Mr. Renton, what do you mean?"

The suddenness of the change gave him a certain thrill. He did not understand it, nor had he time at such a moment to pause and ask himself what it meant. He felt the jar all over him, but went on all the same.

"Yes, I am disinherited," he said, leaning over her, meeting her startled glance with eyes full of such a real and fiery glow of passion as struck her dumb; "if it had not been so, could I have borne to keep silent all this time and never say a word to you? I am a wretch to say anything now. I have been a fool to come here. Now I think of it, I have no right to any answer. I have nothing—nothing to offer. But, Millicent, let me tell you—don't deny me that—this once!"

"Mr. Renton," said Millicent, "I do not know what you have to tell me. It is so strange, all this. And I have been thinking all the time you were— Never mind speaking to me about myself; that does not interest me. Tell me about this."

"I will tell you every thing," said Ben, "and then you will give me my sentence—death or life—that is what it will be. Don't take up your work. Oh, how can you be so calm, you women! Cannot you see what it is to me—death or life?"

Millicent looked up at him, dropping her work hesitatingly on her knee. When he met that glance, the blue eyes looked so wondering, so wistful, so innocent, that poor Ben in his madness got down on his knees and kissed the hand that lay in her lap and the muslin that surrounded it, and cried out with a kind of sweet heart-break:—

"Yes, it is right you should be calm; I love you best so. For me, the earth and the passions; for you, heaven. I agree—that is what God must have meant."

With a deeper wonder still—a real wonder—that made her face angelic, Millicent listened, and felt the hot lips touch her hand. What did the madman mean? What was he agreeing to and approving? Had he found her out? Was he mocking her? She was so bewildered that she said nothing; and she was touched, too, at her heart. She had an impulse to lay her other hand on his head, and smooth down the curls upon it with a touch of natural kindness and pity. Poor boy! whose head was all running on wild nonsense, and who could not understand the nature of her thoughts.

"Mr. Renton," she said, with a little tremble in her voice, which was not affected—"I am alone. Whatever you have to say to me it must not be said in this way."

He rose up abashed and penitent, poor fellow, feeling the serene, fair creature worlds above him; and yet taking courage because of that little shake in her voice.

"Forgive me," he said, with broken words—"I did not know any better. I thought on my knees was the most natural way. But I see. A man goes on his knees to the woman that loves him; but I—only love you."

And then he stood away from her and gazed at her, looking down from his height on her low seat, her drooping head, with such humility and splendor of devotion, that poor Millicent was dazzled. Men had told her this same thing before, but never in this way. Somehow it made her shrink a little, and feel a certain shame. Not good enough to go on his knees to her, he thought. And, oh, so much more innocent, so much purer and better than she! Such an extraordinary scene had never occurred to her before; and, in face of the unknown being standing before her, all her experience failed, and she could not tell what to do.

"Don't speak like that," she said, half peevishly, in her discomfort. "I am not a queen, nor Una, nor any thing of the kind; and you are not King Arthur, that I know of. Come and sit down by me as you were before, and tell me about yourself. That is much more interesting. I do not believe you are disinherited. Come and tell me what you mean."

After a moment Ben obeyed. He was nearer to her so; and she sat and gazed up at him, with heartfelt interest, which made him flush all over with a warm thrill of happiness. She gave all her attention to his story. He told her every thing, watching the fluctuations, the shades of surprise, of sympathy, of something else which he could not divine, on her face. Once she put out her hand to him with a momentary compassionate impulse. She was deeply interested, there was no fiction in that. She was still more deeply disappointed—sorry for herself, sorry for him. And Ben thought it was all for him. When she took her hand back again, away from him, and sighed, and suffered the cloud to fall over her face, his heart began to ache for her; for her, not for himself. He had roused her sympathy too far—he had given her pain.

"Don't be so sorry for me," he said, with his lip quivering, "or you will make me too happy. What do I mind if you care? I am young enough to make a way for myself—and, Millicent, for you too—if—" cried the young man, drawing closer to her. What could she do with such a passionate suitor? Perhaps she was not so sensitive to avoid the touch, the close approach, the almost embrace of the man she could not accept, as a more innocent girl would have been; though, indeed, there was not a touch of the wanton in her, poor girl! She was an adventuress and mercenary, that was all.

"Oh, Mr. Renton, don't speak so!" she said, "you don't know what you are saying. Though I am a woman I know the world better than you do. It is very, very hard to make your way. Look at poor Fitzgerald—and when you have tied a burden round your neck to begin with. Ah, no; you must not talk of this any more."

"Burden!" cried Ben, all glowing and brightening. "I like that! Divine cordial you mean—elixir of life, to make a man twice as strong, twice as able. Ah, look here, Millicent—you said round my neck!"

"I said nonsense," she said, withdrawing from him; "and so do you. Double nonsense—folly! What could we two do together? I did not know about this, or that your father was dead, or any thing. Don't look so wondering at me. What had I to do with it? Mr. Renton, I have not been brought up rich like you. I know what the world is, and bitter, bitter poverty. Oh, how bitter it is! You are playing at being poor; but if you should ever be put to such shifts as some people are—if you should have to fly and hide yourself for the want of a little money—if you had to live hard, and be shabby, and not very honest— Oh, don't speak to me!" cried Millicent, turning away from him, and bursting into uncontrollable tears. She was angry, and her heart was sore; she had seemed so near comfort, and prosperity, and happiness. "Even I could have been fond of him," she said to herself, bitterly. And now he could tell her calmly that he was disinherited! Such a disappointment after such a delicious sense of security was more than Millicent could bear. She could govern herself, as a man guides a horse, when she chose, but when she did not choose, her self-abandonment was absolute. Since he was to be good for nothing to her, she cared no longer for what Ben Renton might think. She thrust her pretty shoulders up, and turned from him and cried. She was sick with disappointment. And it was her way not to care for appearances except when they were of use, which they could no longer be here.

As for Ben, he sat looking on with a consternation and amazement not to be described. He grew sick, too, and faint, and giddy with the great downfall. But he was no more able to understand her now than she had been to understand him a little while before. For some minutes he only gazed at her, his own eyes brimming over with remorse—for was it not he who had driven her to tears?—and the tenderest longing and pity. He wanted to take her into his arms to comfort her; and would not, being too reverent to take such advantage of her distress. But he could not sit still and look on. He got up and went away to the other end of the room, shaking the whole house with his agitated steps. Then he came and knelt down before her, and touched softly the hands that covered her face.

"Oh, Millicent," he cried—"don't break my heart! I would rather have died than deceived you. Tell me what is the matter. Tell me what I can do. I will do any thing in the world you please. It cannot be you who are poor. You ought to have every thing. Oh, Millicent, say one word to me if you don't mean to break my heart!"

"It would do no good if I were to speak," sobbed Millicent. "I have nothing to say. Go away, and never mind—that is the best."



"But I will mind; and I cannot go away," said Ben; and he drew one of her hands from her flushed cheek, and held it fast. He "made her do it." That was what she said to herself years after when the remembrance would rankle in her mind. He made her do it. He held her hand close in his, and drew from her the story of all her woes: their debts, their destitution; her mother's health, which was failing, the baths in Germany which she was ordered, but could not get to—all the miserable story. She poured it out to Ben as she never would have done had he been her accepted lover—mingling the narrative with tears, with broken sobs, with entreaties to him not to make her say more. And all the time her hand was in his—soft, and warm, and trembling—her eyes now raised to him with pitiful looks, now sinking in shame and distress. And there was nobody near to interfere in this humiliating scene. Even the mother, who was lingering intentionally along the streets to give full time for the explanation, would have shrunk with a pang of pride and horror from such a revelation as this. But the two were alone and had it all their own way. Ben himself sat by Millicent's side in a very, ecstasy of tenderness and pity. If he could but have taken her in his arms, and carried her away,—away from the suffering, the trouble, the shame—Yes, he felt there was shame in it—confusedly, painfully, with a burning red on his cheek,—and yet was intoxicated and overwhelmed by her touch, by her look, by the love he had for her. They sat together as in a trance—passion, tenderness, trickery, mean hopes and great shame and pride and dear love, all mingling together. Such a story to be linked on to a love-tale! such a love, veiling its face with its wings, loving the deeper to hide the shame!

When Mrs. Tracy returned, with a very audible knock at the door, Ben rose and tore himself away, his heart, and even his bodily frame, all thrilling and tingling with the excitement through which he had passed. She had no sooner ascended the stairs than he seized his hat and tore out, jumping into the first hansom he encountered, with the instinct of old times, and dashing down to the far-off City—blocked up as ever in all its thoroughfares where men in haste would pass. It was not too late to find his father's agent in one of the mean alleys about Cheapside, who would pay him his allowance. It was just the time for it, by good luck. And then he rushed off to Christie's, and had an earnest conversation about the bull and the china which were not yet sold. He took no time to consider any thing—such a state of affairs could not, must not last a day. This was what he was saying to himself over and over. It must not last. He had no room for more than that thought.

When Mrs. Tracy entered the drawing-room, she found her daughter lying back in her chair, with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes. Millicent let her approach without uncovering her face or taking any notice, and the anxiety of the mother grew into alarm as she drew near. She had said, "Well?" with expectation and interest as she came in, feeling very sure of the tale there must be to tell. But as she came nearer and saw that Millicent did not move, Mrs. Tracy got very much frightened. "Good heavens, Millicent! do you mean to say it has come to nothing?" she cried sharply, with keen anxiety. But Millicent was by no means prepared to answer. She had been shaken by this totally unexpected, unlikely sort of interview. It had gone to her heart, though she had not been very sure whether she had a heart; and she did not know now how to explain, or what to say.

"Has it come to nothing?" Mrs. Tracy repeated, coming up and shaking her daughter by the shoulder. "Millicent! are not you ashamed of yourself? What have you been doing? I know he has only just left you, for I heard him rush down-stairs."

"It has come to a great deal," said Millicent, uncovering her flushed and tear-stained cheeks. "Don't worry me, mamma. I will tell you every thing if you will but let me alone."

"Every thing!" said Mrs. Tracy in an excited tone.

"Yes, every thing; but it is nothing," said Millicent, doggedly. "You must not give yourself any hopes. It is all over—it will never come to more; but you shall not say a word," she added, with indignation. "I tell you I am fond of him: I will not have any thing said. He is too good for you or me."

"It will never come to more!" echoed Mrs. Tracy, holding up her hands in amaze and appeal to heaven. "And she dares to look me in the face and say so! Six months lost—and rent, and firing, and the bills!" cried the injured mother. Then she threw herself down in a chair, and moaned, and rocked herself. "If it is to come to noth-

ing—" she said—"oh, you ungrateful, unkind girl! oh, my poor Fitzgerald!—perhaps you'll tell me what we are to do."

A little pause ensued. The disappointment was too sharp and bitter to be kept within the bounds of politeness, and Millicent was not prepared to enter into full explanations. While Mrs. Tracy vented her disappointment in reproaches, her daughter sat flushed, tearful, motionless, dreaming over the scene that had passed, wondering within herself whether any thing could, any thing would come of it after all—neither hearing nor listening to her mother—half-ashamed of herself, and yet not come to an end of expectation still. "He will do something, whatever it is," she said to herself. "It has not ended here."

"I never would have stayed on in these dear lodgings," Mrs. Tracy went on; "never, but for this; you know I wouldn't. It was only to have been for a week or two when we came. Oh, the money you have cost me—you and your nonsense! And now nothing is to come of it! Am I never to be the better of my children—I, that have done so much for them? To waste all my life and my means, and every thing; and nothing to come of it!" she cried. "Oh, you are a beautiful manager! And six months lost for this!"

"Mamma, you need not be so violent," said Millicent. "It is not my fault. Do you think I am not as disappointed as you can be? And some good may come of it, though not what we thought. He will make it up to you somehow. For my part I have no doubt of that."

"What is it you have no doubt of?" said Mrs. Tracy. "You are more and more a mystery to me. Good gracious, Millicent! you make me think you have fallen in love with him—or—some folly! But you must leave that sort of thing to people who can afford it. We must have some prospect for the future—or—we must leave here—"

"Yes, mamma; only just leave me alone—I can't talk," she said, fretfully; but then added, with an effort, "It is not his fault, poor fellow! He is disinherited. Could he help that? It was us who were the fools to think he would come to this poky place all for me."

Mrs. Tracy swelled to such heights of moral indignation as would have annihilated Ben, had he been present, when she heard this. "Disinherited!" she cried. "Millicent, you may say what you like, but it is nothing less than swindling. Good Lord, to think of such a thing! Disinherited! Do you mean to tell me it is a man without a penny that one has been paying such attention to? Oh, what a world this is! He might just as well have robbed me of fifty pounds—not that fifty pounds would pay the expense I have been at. And I don't believe a word of it!" she cried, getting up with sudden passion. If there had been any one below to hear how her foot thrilled across the echoing floor, she might even now have restrained herself. But she knew that nobody was below.

"I believe it!" said Millicent, rousing up. "He was too much in earnest, poor boy! He wanted to work for me, and all kinds of nonsense. And it would be better to have him to work for me," she added, half-tenderly, half-defiant, "though he has not a penny, than be worried and bullied like this every day of one's life."

"Are you mad?" cried her mother, stopping suddenly, appalled by the words. "You are in love with him, you wicked girl! You are in a plot with this beggar against me."

"He shall not be called a beggar!" cried Millicent, "so long as I am here to speak for him. It is we who are beggars, not Ben Renton."

"You are in love with him!" cried Mrs. Tracy, almost with a scream of scorn. The accusation was such that Millicent shrank before it for the moment, but she did not give way.

"I wonder if I shall ever be in love with anybody again?" she said; and then a sigh burst from her unawares. "Poor fellow! poor boy! He is so good, and he will never forget me!"

"If he had really cared a straw for you, he would never have come here!" cried Mrs. Tracy. "Love!—call that love! for a man without a penny! I call it pure selfishness. But he shall never come near you again—never. Oh, what am I to do?—where am I to take you? We cannot stay here."

"We are going to Wiesbaden, for your health," said Millicent. It came upon her all at once that she had told him so, making use, involuntarily, of her mother's suggestion. "Wait, and see what comes of it," she added, with oracular meaning, which she did not herself

understand. And, after a while, Mrs. Tracy's passion sank into quiet too. When people live from day to day without any power of arranging matters beforehand, and specially when they live upon their wits, trusting to the scheme of the minute for such comforts as it can secure, they have to believe in chances, good and evil. Something might come of it—somehow, at the last moment, matters might mend. She sat down with that power of abstracting herself from her anxiety, which is given to the mind of the adventurer, and recovered her breath, and took her cup of tea. She had scarcely finished that refreshment when the maid knocked at the drawing-room door with Ben's letter. Mrs. Tracy flew at her daughter, as though she would have torn the meaning out of the paper, which Millicent opened with the slowness of agitation; but she had to wait all the same while it was gone over twice, every word; the very enclosures in it—and it was very evident that there were enclosures—were hidden in Millicent's clenched hand from her mother's eyes. She was wilfully cruel in her self-humiliation. And yet it was Mrs. Tracy, and not Millicent, who answered the letter which poor Ben had written, as it were, with his heart's blood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### "SENSUAL CATERWAULING" AND PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

BY EUGENE BENSON.

NO less a person than Professor Huxley is the author of this novel nomenclature of the work of men of purely literary culture. It discredits the gratification of the sense of literary beauty and dishonors the art of expression; and, although Professor Huxley would hardly deny the pleasure which we get from the finest examples of literary art, his emphatic expression of dislike for the exclusive study of literature, and his profound sense of the importance of a knowledge of things and laws, rather than of words and beliefs, are disparaging to one of the greatest sources of social pleasure, and subversive of the balance of power, which alone can make secure liberty and happiness in the Republic of Letters.

The singing of a Malibran or a Nilsson may be called "sensual caterwauling" by a sectarian, who is a brute or a clown, but hardly by Professor Huxley. Yet, what a Malibran or a Nilsson does with a fine and perfectly-trained organ like the voice, a mere writer may do with a fine and perfectly-trained sense of literary beauty. The insensibility, not to say the clownishness, of a disparagement of the exquisite rapture, legitimately given by the voice of a Malibran, would not be confessed by any but a bigot; yet Professor Huxley's expression, by implication, and with the indiscriminating, necessarily discredits the culture and exercise of a talent in literature analogous to that of a great *cantatrice*.

The vigor and certain ascendancy of the general ideas of education, advocated by Professor Huxley, should provoke resistance only when they are unjust; and, although he is a giant of educational reform, admirably panoplied, in our modern society, he is vulnerable through the phrase "sensual caterwauling;" it is a vile phrase; it is vulgarizing; it is like a smutching hand on a lovely thing, and makes its object odious only by withering it.

In the organization of society, which has been thus far a clumsy adjustment of arbitrary powers and natural forces, the compensating and mollifying influence has been that of art, which, in song, in poem, in picture, and in oration, has touched the slumbering or torpid sense of the ideal, and engendered that divine discontent which is the beginning of all progress and all aspiration. Men, endowed with the artistic faculty, chiefly remarkable for sensibility of nature and capacity to communicate their sensations, have used words as the organist touches the keys of his grand instrument, who, at will, has stirred his fellow-beings to the depths of their natures, soothed or thrilled them, breathing

"Mysterious notions of the soul, no way  
To be defined, save in strange melodies."

or they have used words with no more recondite purpose than Pan blowing through his reedy pipe from the river-bed for the sole pleasure of its sound. Such men are literary artists, and their work should not be confounded with the stale and tepid expression of men who "are sunk in ignorance of every thing but what other men have written," and are scorned by Professor Huxley. Yet the professor's emphatic statement of disgust with the studies of the latter *may* cheapen the service of the most delicate instruments of modern society—literary artists. In the work of literary artists the question is not whether they make "a hash of other people's opinions," it is whether they give pleasure, and make us forget, for brief moments, the lowering and material cares of our habitual life. For we are complex and not simple beings, and, unless the nourishment of our faculties of knowledge is accompanied by complete and full sensation, we become cruel pedants or practical monsters. To the man who *knows*, to Browning's Paracelsus with his single devotion to the attainment of knowledge, Aprile, with his exquisite sensibility, his need of love, his power to reproduce the images and express the sentiments which made the pleasure and the dream of his life, is necessary to form the complete being, which, after all, is not man, but humanity.

Sensation and knowledge are the two great powers of our moral and material life; and to talk about distinguishing between the godlike and the devilish of sensation and knowledge, is to talk nonsense, unless we are in the service of theological ideas. Sensation and knowledge are terms expressive of absolute conditions of mind and body, alike the result of material combinations, which are good or bad to us only as they give us pleasure or pain; other test we have not.

The education which is entirely devoted to the cultivation of the power of expression, and of the sense of literary beauty, in spite of Professor Huxley's fears, does not *give* either the power or the sense, for both are what we commonly call natural endowments or gifts, but which are dependent upon the original bodily organization, as the song of the nightingale is dependent upon its vocal organ. We study literature to make the acquaintance of the moral and mental experience of illustrious minds, to familiarize ourselves with examples of intellectual beauty, to gratify our æsthetic sense.

It does seem strange to discover Professor Huxley falling from the ground of sensible experience and seizing upon a theological distinction like "godlike and devilish," and importing it into the world of sensation and knowledge. The object of literary or artistic studies is not to help us distinguish between the godlike and devilish—our social experience teaches us that—it is to refine and increase our sensations and perceptions. The professor bemuddles his subject because he confounded the very diverse and distinct objects of the study of an art, and the acquirement of a system of morals, when he indited "the forcible expression of his opinion of men of merely literary culture." His invidious blunder renders this one service, that it shows how essential, after all, is the work of the metaphysician—whose function is so lightly held by men of science, and yet is so often usurped by them.

In art, in culture, there are no such distinctions as godlike and devilish—theological terms, applicable to human conduct, and picturesquely expressive of persons we admire or detest.

Literary culture would have forbidden the use of the word "caterwauling," however sensual may have been the pleasure which is its object and *raison d'être*. We will not say Professor Huxley does not appreciate the service of the literary artist in his disparagement of the object of education at present; we prefer to believe he has fallen into an exaggerated and inconsiderate expression of disgust with hosts of feeble writers and thinkers turned out by the ordinary system of collegiate education—men taught to judge books by books, to test laws by laws, systems of philosophy by systems of philosophy, instead of looking in life and in human nature for the justification or condemnation of books, laws, philosophies, and religions. Thousands

of such men, in the pulpit, on the bench, in the professors' chair, scattered throughout society, are the rivets that hold us to the obsolete and dead life of the past. When we should be allied to the past (and the most vital of us are so allied) only by our admirations, as is the poet by his admiration of Homer and Dante, the artist by his admiration of Phidias and Michael Angelo, the statesman by his admiration of Pericles or Richelieu, these men in their humdrum life are bound to the past by laws and institutions; and vast interests created by an artificial society forbid our liberation and replacement upon a purely natural life under the guidance of knowledge which is the gift of civilization.

When Professor Huxley is saddened and revolted by men sunk in ignorance of every thing but what other men have written, he is saddened and revolted by theologians, lawyers, professors of literature and art—not by literary artists, who yet seem to fall under his censure as “seemingly devoid of moral belief or guidance, but with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated, that their sensual caterwauling may almost be mistaken for the music of the spheres.”

The phrase, “sensual caterwauling,” sticks in one's throat, it is so odious, and it pricks the understanding like any epithet. If the exclusive cultivation of the sense of beauty in literature makes “sensual caterwaulers” of men who might be surveying or mining, who might be in the laboratory detecting adulterations, or pushing analysis beyond analysis, to the very bases of life; and if the world were only a workshop by day and a bed at night, literature, as an organ of expression for humanity, and art, as a representation of man's experience and an image of his conceptions, might be rudely disparaged and done away with as no better than “sensual caterwauling;” but, since literature is the next thing to life, spun, as it were, from the very heart and brain of man, it is no mean study to become acquainted with the magic garment of words which each age has woven about the body of its life, and left after its death as the sign and expression of its being.

Professor Huxley's incidental disparagement of literary studies affords very striking evidence that the function of the literary artist is not understood by our new educators, but is confounded with that of the race of pe-lants and professors who are the filters of the language and literature of the past. Professor Huxley does well to resist the exclusive study of languages, but he does badly in his statement which admits of using the weight of his name against “men with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated,” and, in proportion to the perfection of their art, and their indifference to all else, revolting because “devoid of moral belief or guidance.”

We have to reply that special men are the instruments of civilization; they are tools in the service of humanity. Where there is call for the knife and science of the surgeon, we do not ask any questions about his morality or belief—we avail ourselves of his skill. The morality or immorality of a Malibran does not in the least affect the quality or the value of the pleasure we derive from her singing; the capacity of choosing between the “godlike and the devilish” does not in the least affect the pleasure we derive from Rachel personating Phèdre. Even Lamartine's questionable accuracy of statement does not affect his title as a literary artist, or destroy our pleasure in his flowing and harmonious language. So long as man has the sense of art, he will value expression for its own sake, and, so long as he has the capacity to respond to the general and particular life of his race, he will honor the poet whose organ of language is not made to be put at the service of new truths, but to give pleasure—who has language at his need,

“Now poured at once forth in a burning flow,  
Now piled up in a grand array of words.”

Literature without the examples of great literary artists, simply as the servitor of science, and language as the organ of knowledge, would be without beauty—it would be simply intel-

ligible. Therefore how indiscriminating and insensible to the higher and more enduring sources of pleasure in and sympathy for man with his fellow man, is the disparagement of men of merely literary culture, or of literary artists.

Were Lamartine, and De Musset, and Shelley, and Poe, “sensual caterwaulers?” If to have expressed themselves with rare felicity, with exquisite grace, with delightful abundance, with fine harmony, with matchless beauty of language, without having made a discovery or a new classification, but simply moved and pleased the finest and strongest sensibilities of men of their own and succeeding generations, was to make “sensual caterwaulings” that might “be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres,” it is to be regretted that the professor has not a less invidious and vulgarizing phrase for an inappreciable and inestimable pleasure of a civilized being—the pleasure given to us by a literary artist like Lamartine or De Quincey.

#### “ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH.”

THE follies of fashion seem to furnish the only theme suggestive of brilliant periods to the newspaper correspondents, who annually “write up” our places of summer-resort. Occasional descriptions of scenery, and a paragraph, now and then, about “Old Ocean,” vary the monotony of sarcasm; but the pen invariably returns to the usual object of attack. The foibles of human nature offer a convenient target for the practice of commonplace wit. We are constantly reminded of Goldsmith's exquisite satire: by “human nature,” said the Vicar of Wakefield's son, men invariably mean the dark side of human character. According to these annual midsummer authors, the only noticeable social features of a popular watering-place are fashion, display, gambling, flirtation, and intrigue. This is not true. At Saratoga itself, the very name of which has become a synonyme for all that is objectionably “fast” in society, the majority of guests may be found, morning, noon, and night, enjoying themselves in a sensible way, keeping themselves cool, chatting with their friends, listening to music, strolling through the park, and making themselves as comfortable as possible. The races furnish merely an incidental fortnight of excitement. The ballroom dissipation is neither so general, nor so brilliantly wicked, as it is described. Even the leading gambling-house, instead of being the gorgeous palace we have read about in the papers, is unpretending, commonplace, and cheaply furnished. If one in fifty of the gentlemen who patronize the springs should also patronize this celebrated farobank, the little room in which it is located would be packed from floor to ceiling, and not a third of the excited old men and suicidal youths, so vividly portrayed, could gain an entrance. Long Branch has been as much the victim of journalistic scandal as Saratoga. A visitor, who has read about the Branch, is disappointed on his first arrival. He finds that people are actually enjoying themselves, untrammelled by fashion. He sees ladies in comfortable summer-ropes at the dinner-table. He looks in vain for the lady with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on her person. The gentleman, who lost his entire fortune during the previous night, does not sit immediately at his elbow, as he expected he would; or, if he does, his appetite is unpardonably good, and his eyes are not hollow and sunken, as they should be, according to the orthodox standard. The disappointed visitor even sees whole families laughing and chatting about the tables, as if they were not in the vortex of fashionable vice. The little boys and girls may be sitting upon the brink of moral destruction, but the comfortable mammas evidently fail to realize their danger. The visitor strolls about the piazza or upon the bluff. Bright eyes, he may see, mischievous dimples, something of coquettish art, perhaps, but he feels a certain moral safety, which is entirely incompatible with his preconceived notions of the situation. Within two or three days he concludes that the “whirl of dissipation” is an entirely



imaginative maelstrom, a convenient fiction, a popular fallacy, to lend an interest to letters which would otherwise be unendurably stupid. If the visitor spends a season at the Branch, he will remember certain balls and hops, certain fashionable concerts, and other semi-occasional incidents, which give the correspondents a groundwork for their fiction—he will acknowledge, perhaps, that their novels are “founded on fact.” He may have entered the new gambling-house opposite the Stetson. He sees that it is only necessary to multiply its visitors by ten to make a spicy paragraph, and to astonish old ladies, who have sons just graduating from college. The common-sense visitor discovers, in short, that neither dissipation nor fashionable excess is thrust upon any one at Long Branch; that guests may live quietly, soberly, comfortably, if they like; that vice and folly are found there, as everywhere else, only by such as choose to seek them.

Mr. Winslow Homer, in the cartoon accompanying this number of the JOURNAL, gives us a picture of the ease and pleasurable abandon which accompany life at Long Branch. On the beach, more than anywhere else in the world, society throws aside its dignity. Men and women make children of themselves. Those in the water give themselves up to sport, frolicking with each other and with the waves, thoughtless of fashion and its formalities. Those who watch them from the bluff, or at its foot, join heartily in the spirit of the scene. Along the beach at Long Branch, however, extending, as it does, between the bluff and the ocean, more than two miles in length, there are always many who are neither bathing, nor watching the bathers. Young men and maidens find enough of interest to sit together under the shade of an umbrella by the hour, and hardly cast a glance at any thing before them. Here one sees a solitary figure, sitting on the sand, with a book; there a party of ladies and gentlemen, shooting at a mark; others chatting in groups; nurses with children, making sand-pies, or picking up shells; amateur naturalists, gathering sea-weeds. Convenient as the beach is to the hotels and cottages, it presents a peculiarly interesting and lively appearance along its whole length. Our artist suggests an old poetic thought in the letters drawn, by a young girl, in the sand. Something of tenderness, which she would hardly acknowledge, perhaps, has guided her hand; her friend may study her thoughts by the point of her umbrella; the next tide will efface the letters forever; let us hope that the artist means no reflection on the fidelity of the sex. The shallow film of water, which washes away so many letters in the sand, is a very suggestive symbol of coquetry. Many a name, however, has been written “on the beach at Long Branch,” which has never been effaced—the beach has gladdened more hearts than it has saddened, despite its reputation—it has made more matches than it has broken.

Long Branch has little to boast of in its beach, so far as bathing is concerned. Considered by themselves, its waves are thoroughly enjoyable, and furnish enough excitement. But, compared with the majestic lines of breakers which roll in from the ocean at Newport or Cape May, the short, irregular, waves of the Branch are very undignified and very unsatisfactory. The beach descends too rapidly. At Newport the bather chooses his breaker according to the size preferred, and successive waves roll in with as much regularity as if acting under special instructions. The outer line overwhelms the strong man, towering and foaming as it breaks above his head. Nearer shore the miniature breaker is hardly strong enough to roll a baby in the sand. At Long Branch, however, there is but one line, and that a broken one. The bathers are tossed about hither and thither, and rolled heels over head, men, women, and children alike. This is exhilarating at first, but it becomes monotonous; one has no choice; he must simply be tumbled about for a few moments and out again. Experience proves that the beach is a safe one; but it is very far from being, what a *connoisseur* in beaches would call, a good one.

Saratoga is thoroughly cosmopolitan, by virtue of its popu-

larity and fame among all the cities, and in every section of our country. Long Branch is also cosmopolitan; but only because it fairly represents the city of New York. It is merely a midsummer suburb of the metropolis. Like New York, it is an epitome of the entire country. Cape May belongs to Philadelphia, and is in no sense cosmopolitan. Newport is now a city of cottages, and is to be compared no longer with those summer resorts which are sought by the transient public. Nahant is the midsummer synonyme of Boston. Long Branch is the representative “sea-shore” of the nation.

## THE PLACE OF ART IN EDUCATION.

IN the article which we published last week on Scientific Education, Professor Huxley expressed his disgust, in telling terms, of the cultivators of mere literary expression. At this, one of our contributors waxed indignant, and defends them as *artists*. The question is interesting, and it will conduce to the best judgment of the case to have before us the entire passage against which the contributor's strictures are levelled. Professor Huxley says:

“In these times the educational tree seems to have its roots in the air, its leaves and flowers in the ground; and I confess I should very much like to turn it upside down, so that its roots might be solidly embedded among the facts of Nature, and draw thence a sound nutriment for the foliage and fruit of literature and of art. No educational system can have a claim to permanence unless it recognizes the truth that education has two great ends to which every thing else must be subordinated. The one of these is to increase knowledge; the other is to develop the love of right and the hatred of wrong.

“With wisdom and uprightness a nation can make its way worthily, and beauty will follow in the footsteps of the two, even if she be not specially invited; while there is, perhaps, no sight in the whole world more saddening and more revolting than is offered by men sunk in ignorance of every thing but what other men have written; seemingly devoid of moral belief or guidance, but with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated, that their sensual caterwauling may be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres.

“At present, education is almost entirely devoted to the cultivation of the power of expression and of the sense of literary beauty. The matter of having any thing to say beyond a hash of other people's opinions, or of possessing any criterion of beauty, so that we may distinguish between the godlike and the devilish, is left aside as of no moment. I think I do not err in saying that, if science were made the foundation of education, instead of being, at most, stuck on as a cornice to the edifice, this state of things could not exist.”

The question here raised is: What place should the study of literary expression hold in education?

Professor Huxley does not deny its importance, but he reprobates its present preëminence, and insists that, in the true order of mental unfolding, the cultivation of the sense of beauty should be the outgrowth of intellectual and moral training, which shall be scientific in its method and spirit. For the literature which is careless of its vital contents of thought, and careful only of the husk—a literature which terminates in rhetoric—he does not conceal his contempt.

Our critic takes point-blank issue with Mr. Huxley's position, and charges that he does not understand the question. He says: “Professor Huxley's incidental disparagement of literary studies affords a very striking evidence that the function of the literary artist is not understood by our new educators.” He denies the alleged relation of art with either morality or knowledge, and says: “The morality or immorality of a Malibran does not in the least affect the quality or the value of the pleasure we derive from her singing;” and “even Lamartine's questionable accuracy of statement does not affect his title as a literary artist.” Again: “So long as man has the sense of art, he will value expression for its own sake,” and “will honor the poet whose organ of language is not made to be put to the service of new truths, but to give pleasure.” This candid conces-

sion that the art of expression, which is at present the overshadowing and almost exclusive object of culture, is independent of both morality and truth, and has its end and excuse in the mere passing satisfaction which we get from the sense of beauty, is practically of such importance as to require further illustration.

The unfolding of the human faculties may proceed in two ways—by the method of *art* or the method of *science*. These methods are widely contrasted. Art pertains to action, science to thought. Art is of two kinds—useful art and fine art. The object of the useful arts is utility; of the fine arts, pleasure; while the object of science is truth. Art arrives at rules by blind, empirical processes; science proceeds by observation and reason to principles.

The present ascendancy of art in culture is due to its precedence in the order of human unfolding. In the historic sequence art appears first, and rises to perfection before intellectual and moral development is well begun. Art has reigned triumphant for thirty centuries; science is but of yesterday, and is still suing for its rights. In sculpture, in architecture, in painting, and in the literature of both poetic and prose expression, as well as in that of oratorical display, art rose to a lofty attainment in the childhood of the race. It culminated while men were solely occupied with it; while the whole vigor of humanity was concentrated in this single direction. As delineations of the external aspects of Nature, the ancient arts of representation were of unsurpassed excellence. The old sculptors, painters, and poets, mirrored the outward lineaments of the world to perfection, but they were powerless to go further. Dealing solely with the superficies of things, they reproduced these with matchless fidelity, but never went beneath the surface. Principles, causes, laws, the reason of things, the working of the interior agencies of Nature and Life, the action of universal forces upon illimitable materials—in short, the deep and real explanation of the order of the world, these are matters which, in the early times, man could neither express, grasp, nor conceive. Of the earth around him, of the heavens above him, of the nature within him—of the past and of the future—men knew nothing but the simple appearances disclosed to sense. We thus see that an exalted perception of beauty, and consummate skill in its artistic reproduction, may consist with the grossest ignorance. Art was not a quickener of the intellect; it did not ripen into knowledge. On the contrary, in the very grandeur of its ideal accomplishment, there was an evil potency, for the ages were spell-bound by it. An enchanting world of representation had been created, by which men were charmed away from Nature, and beguiled with pleasurable contemplations, rather than roused to the vigorous and independent exertion of mental power.

But, if art had in it no pledge of man's intellectual redemption, neither was it an agency of moral renovation. It flourished in times of corruption, degradation, falsehood, and cruelty, and, so far from tending to purity, rectitude, or justice, it lent itself with equal facility to the work of political tyranny, on the one hand, and of ecclesiastical despotism, on the other. Whether working with stone, canvas, or papyrus, whether embodying the idle frivolities of the pagan mythology, or the crude absurdities of a corrupted Church, the service of art was the same—to celebrate and perpetuate the gross, the false, and the vicious. It was when the old civilizations had crumbled, and Europe was buried in the darkness of a new barbarism, when the minds of men were palsied with ignorance and given over to the foulest and most abominable superstitions, that art rose to a brilliant ascendancy. Then were created those wonders of architectural beauty, the cathedrals of Europe, and then appeared those masters of painting and sculpture whose works are the admiration of the world.

The art-stage of human development was at length passed, and the transition to science became a new starting-point of humanity. It involved new aims of thought, new mental pro-

cedures, and a new morality in sharp and total contrast to the past mental experience of the world. The new aim was truth; the new processes, observation and induction; the new virtues, veracity, fidelity, and mental independence. Bacon was the first to perceive the full meaning of the scientific movement. He saw that in its very initiation it was a revolt against the domination and the effects of art. Men's minds were bound in the thralldom of words. The use of words had so long been cultivated as a matter of mere literary art, with no other object than pleasure, that words had come to be looked upon as ends instead of means—as realities instead of signs. Thought was enslaved to their forms and relations. Verbal explanations of things were accepted as real explanations; logic was but a dexterous jugglery with terms, and in the dialectics of the schoolmen the processes of the understanding were reduced to little else than mere childish quibbling.

Bacon smote this illusive worship of words with all the power of his genius, and, forecasting the transcendent consequences of a better method, he called men back to Nature—to the observation and study of realities, as the conditions of a new dispensation of humanity. The question was now no longer what are the representations, but what are the facts; not what is said or how it is said, but what is seen and known, and proved to be true. To observe the thing directly for one's self, and put the result against the world's beliefs, became the imperative requirement. This grand principle of the supremacy of personal observation emancipated the human mind, called forth its noblest powers, and created modern knowledge. Science first revealed the order of the world, and demonstrated the reign of law throughout the universe. The noxious superstitions that had infested the human imagination for ages were cleared away. As the mysteries of being were slowly penetrated, and the heavens and the earth gave up their secrets, the past and the present began to be understood, the light of reason was thrown upon the future, and the kindling of better hopes for humanity gave new interest and value to existence. With knowledge came power, the forces of Nature were subjugated, and modern civilization began its course. All this mighty beneficence has been the result of substituting truth for pleasure, as the spiritual aim of humanity.

The first stage of scientific progress is past; it has conquered a recognition, and become a controlling influence in civilization. We are now entering upon the second stage, which is to make it likewise the controlling influence in culture. This is the inevitable sequel, the next and the necessary step in the course of human unfolding. The agency which in three centuries has effected the pacific conquest of the planet, and first brought humanity into true relations with the divine order of the universe, has sufficiently vindicated its claim to deal with the mental interests of mankind. The agency which has created modern knowledge is not forever to be treated as an alien and an interloper in institutions which should be devoted to the acquirement of knowledge. But the great obstacle to this important step is the same as it was to the first—the worship of words. The art-spirit still prevails in education. The old institutions, coerced by public sentiment, extend to science a reluctant hospitality in outside quarters termed "scientific schools," but the ideal of scholarship to which these institutions are themselves devoted is still literary excellence—perfection in the art of expression. The essential demand of the educational reformers is that culture shall become more serious and solid, and more in harmony with the better spirit of the age, by making truth and the realities of things the supreme aim of study, and by cultivating with more assiduity the mental virtues which this aim implies. Well, then, may Professor Huxley demand an inversion of the existing order. His impregnable ground is, that the first great end of education is intellectual, the storing the mind with the facts of actual knowledge. The second is moral, involving the formation of right mental habits, and the nobler purposes for which knowledge

is to be used. These are fundamental prerequisites to the true appreciation of the beautiful and the harmonious, and they involve the priority of science and the subordination of art in education.

Our *littérateurs*, who generally know little of science, are fond of charging that it is a cold, remorseless destroyer of all that is ideal and refining, the foe of beauty, and the enemy of art. Nothing can be more false. Science is the interpreter of the order of the universe, and it has revealed more depths of beauty, more spheres of harmony, more ranges of sublimity, than poetic fancy had ever dreamed of before. But, as the beauty of Nature springs from its inner order, and is the efflorescence of fact and law, the highest appreciation of beauty is only possible through a comprehension of that truth of things in which beauty has its roots, and from which it draws its life. Better than any other the student of science understands that there can be no antagonism between the graceful and the true. The poet describes to us in impassioned language the loveliness of flowers, but would he not touch a still deeper cord of feeling by opening to us a glimpse of the subtle alchemy of their origin? Are we not kindled also by the disclosure of science, that the flower bursts into beauty through the reaction of a distant star upon the ethereal airs, which shroud our revolving planet?—that its brilliant tints are born of prismatic splendors, and its exquisite symmetry carved by the engineering of the solar system? The poet pleases us with his picture of the beauty of the glistening dew-drop, but is not the revelation of science also poetic, that the soul of the dew-drop is a flash of lightning?

So far from being unfriendly to the poetic imagination, science breathes into it a higher exaltation. Nothing is so prosaic and commonplace, so obscure and unvalued, that science cannot give it a glory by opening the secrets of its laws and affiliating it with the mighty whole. For the eye and ear of science, indeed, *all* is beautiful and melodious. From astronomic masses to microscopic molecules, from the sweep of stellar systems to the movements of the tiny world in a drop of fluid, the march of change is timed to the rhythm of eternal harmony, and the very universe is bedded in music.

With the literature of the past, in itself, science has no quarrel. It contains imperishable monuments of genius, which will work their spell upon the human spirit through the coming ages. But it was born of the limitations and imperfections of the past; it reflects the periods of ignorance and mystery, and has lost its claim as the supreme instrument of educational guidance. A literature divorced from real knowledge, vacant of all noble or truthful aims, which is content to use "words with no more recondite purpose than Pan blowing through his reedy pipe from the river-bed for the sole pleasure of its sound," is no longer wanted. The revolution in the processes of the human mind, which has given us a new civilization, will give us also a new literature. A literature is coming forth, the daughter of truth and light, which shall embody in suitable forms of expression those enlarged conceptions, those broader reaches of thought, with which science is gradually making the world familiar. The past literature of art has been busy with the works of man; the literature of science will be occupied with the works of God. It will be an all-harmonizing agency, covering, on the one hand, the field of practical life, and opening, on the other, into the sphere of æsthetic feeling and rising through the pervading order to a purer and a truer experience of religious emotion.

To the true students of science this is no vision of idle fancy, but an assured reality; for they know that the grand scheme is working on to these high results. What wonder, then, they grow impatient with a literature which ends in rhetorical word-stringing, which breeds the *dilettanti* of fine writing—the elegant triflers who register their passing moods as inspirations for an admiring world? Well may they protest against the educational ascendancy of a literature which, caring

nothing for knowledge, and rooted no deeper than the mere arts of expression, avows its object to be merely to beguile, to amuse, and to "make us forget." They protest against a literature whose contents of thought are born of the wayward imagination, unchastened by the wholesome discipline of reason and fact. Indifferent to truth, indifferent to right, congenial with the dainty dissipations of a vacant and purposeless life, such a literature has no security against mental extravagance, and naturally flowers out in that flimsy and gaudy expression, that turgid and tawdry sensational writing, with which the age is so grievously afflicted. The educational reformers demand an inversion of the present order, by which this system shall be thrust from its supremacy, and replaced by the robust and sinewy culture of solid attainment which shall fit the men of the age for the responsible work that is before them.

### TABLE-TALK.

THE following anecdote of Napoleon we find in a French periodical, and, as we do not recollect meeting with it before, we translate it for our columns:

"After the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon, with the remainder of his army, marched toward Berlin by the Potsdam road, in order to dispute with the enemy the passage of the Spree. The entire army was in advance of him one or two marches when he set out on horseback from Wittenberg. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when we started, with a sky that had all the indications of a storm, and, before we were out of sight of the town, the rain began to fall in torrents.

"The emperor alighted, and sought shelter in the house of the chief superintendent of the forests of the elector. He supposed he was not recognized, and attributed the extreme deference of two young women, who were in the room into which we were shown, to the usages of the country. They, as well as two children, remained standing. Their embarrassment was very marked, when one of them, the older, but the prettier of the two, said, in a low tone, and in German, to the other, 'I assure you, it is the Emperor Napoleon.'

"The emperor did not understand her; but the Duc de Rovigo, who was tolerably familiar with the German language, told Napoleon what she said. Not a little surprised, he turned to the lady, and asked:

"Are you married, madame?"

"No, sire," she replied, in very pure French; "I am a widow."

"Has your husband been dead long?"

"He died in the army, sire; in the service of your majesty."

"How—do you know me?"

"Yes, sire; your majesty has changed but little since I last had the pleasure of seeing you. I recognized you immediately, as I did also General Bertrand and General Savary."

"But where did you see me?"

"In Egypt, sire."

"At this the emperor was more surprised still, and cried:

"Eh, you were with us in Egypt? Tell me how that was, I pray you."

"I was born in Switzerland, sire, and, in 1797, married M. de Wenzel, an army surgeon, who died of the plague in Alexandria. Having no children, I soon married again—this time a *chef de bataillon* of the second light infantry, who was killed at Aboukir. By him I had one child—this little boy you see here," and she designated one of the two little light-haired boys before us. "I returned to France with the army after the capitulation; but all my endeavors to obtain a pension proved fruitless. Finally, I became discouraged by being so often refused, and went back to my native town in Switzerland, where I remained until this lady here requested me to come and take charge of the early education of her little son."

"Were you really married to this *chef de bataillon*?" asked the emperor; "or was it only one of those arrangements that your position compelled you to accept?"

"I have my marriage-contract, sire."

"Be so good as to let me see it."

"She went to her chamber for the document, and placed it in the emperor's hand, saying:

"You will see, sire, that my son was born of a legitimate union."

"After having glanced over the paper, Napoleon returned it to the interesting young widow, exclaiming, with unfeigned satisfaction:

"*Pardieu!* this is a happy rencontre."

"He ordered Bertrand to note down the name of the mother and her son. It had ceased raining for some time when Napoleon said to the lady:

"*Eh bien, madame*, in order that the recollection of this day may be agreeable to us both, I give you a pension of twelve hundred francs, revertible to your son."

"We then mounted our horses, and continued our march. That night, before Napoleon retired, he signed the decree for the pension of the widow of Aboukir."

— Pierre Blot has told us a good deal about the vandalisms of cooking, and it now remains for another apostle to appear and preach the vandalisms of the table. These vandalisms are twofold—consisting of atrocities in the order and combination of dishes, and of



atrocities in the methods of eating. Of the first, Prof. Blot has instructed us somewhat, but principally by implication. We have learned what to avoid mainly by studying his rules of what to follow. Blot, moreover, takes a high flight; he has a contempt for every thing below a grand dinner, and his instructions, hence, are chiefly valuable for those who entertain, or desire to entertain, and are anxious to do it neatly. The blunders of taste common to our ordinary tables are numberless, varying from venial offences down to sins of the blackest dye. The introduction of pastry, cake, and preserves, at untimely moments, the barbarous union of dishes that Providence unmistakably put asunder, and which no man should wish to unite, the atrocious mixtures of liquids, are all matters which have been observed, and often spoken of, but which have not been set forth with due knowledge and emphasis. The other form of vandalism to which we have referred exists in the manner of the eater. It is really amazing to reflect how often Americans have been ridiculed for their custom of eating with the knife, and yet to find how prevalent the habit remains. If one enters a German, an Italian, a French, or an English restaurant, this offence against good breeding is rarely observable; but in an American restaurant, even of good standing, one is fairly startled to see a score or so of people apparently attempting to swallow their knives, and in seeming imminent danger of ripping open their mouths from ear to ear. They are too expert, of course, for this; but a nervous person finds it difficult to assure himself that there is no danger. And how unconscious all are of their offence against good manners! There are other vandalisms in eating, it is true; but this is the most prevalent, and the most disagreeable. When the new apostle appears, we trust he will enforce his teachings with sufficient emphasis to be heard, and that eventually neat and graceful habits at the table will be recognized as one of our national virtues.

— Englishmen, used to the lugubrious ceremonies of their funerals, are wont, sometimes, to stigmatize the American manner of conducting these affairs as "Irish." This term may justly be applied, we think, to our funeral *corteges*, if not to other features of these ceremonies. As compared with the closed coaches, the draped mourners, and the general air of solemn dignity, that characterize an English funeral, the very best of our own are, in some things, strikingly free and easy. It is singular to observe that, even where a funeral is in the hands of a fashionable sexton, and marked attempt is made to render it imposing and solemn, by the selection of a suitable hearse and "respectable" carriages, little or no thought is given to the appearance or conduct of the drivers of these vehicles; and it is just here that our funerals take on the character of "Irish." Usually, the officiating gentlemen of the box are clothed as it may please chance—every one in the colors to suit his fancy, and of a raggedness that indicates long and economical service; while his bearing is as easy and picturesque as his toilet. He will lol on the box; he will exchange jokes with his friends, the omnibus-drivers; he will enliven the occasion with sundry oaths at ferries, or other places where the road becomes choked with vehicles; and he will show in manifold ways his high regard for the occasion. And yet these things are tolerated every day, and seem to be accepted by mourners as necessary and unavoidable incidents of a funeral *cortège*. The idea, that hack-drivers should conduct themselves with decency on these occasions, never seems to have entered the heads of sextons and stable-keepers; and, as for their appearing properly garbed—why, that is the notion of a bloated aristocrat, which every independent American coachman should properly resist. Very possibly, English funerals, with their empty coaches and hired mourners, are good subjects for ridicule; but the demeanor of the servants in these ceremonies is, by a rigid public opinion, compelled to be decent and respectful.

— There is a want existing in the English language of a singular pronoun for either gender. We have the neuter pronoun "it," which is of neither gender, and we have the plural "they," that includes both genders. But the want of a relative pronoun that can be applied to either sex leads to a great deal of awkwardness. One is compelled either to say "he," when the person referred to may be a woman, or he must deliver himself of the clumsy circumlocution "he or she." A good many people, it is true, cut the knotty difficulty by a little indiscriminate grammar, and almost daily we see printed, and hear spoken, sentences like these: "Every person there was sure *they* saw it," "No passenger is allowed to remove *their* baggage." Errors of this character frequently arise from the fact that the language does not

supply a suitable term for the necessities of the case. The pronoun "he," in one sentence quoted, and "his" in the other, would, of course, render them grammatical; but, as the masculine gender is not applicable to the fact in every instance, there is an instinctive effort to find a word that is, and this leads to the error. Now, why should it not be the duty of the women's-rights women to supply the needed term? As the laws of the grammars stand, the use of "he," when "she" may be meant, is an outrage upon the dignity and an encroachment upon the rights of women. It is quite as important that they should stand equal with men in the grammars as before the law—so we hand this duty of amending the language over to Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony.

— The following incident contains an entertaining illustration of mercy tempering justice: David Stirling, who was minister of the Barony Church of Glasgow during the long war which Great Britain and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV., in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord that He would take the haughty tyrant of France, and shake him over the mouth of hell. "But, good Lord," added the worthy Scotch parson, "*dianna let him fo' in.*" This curious prayer having been mentioned to the French monarch, he laughed heartily at this new and ingenious method of punishing ambition, and, it is said, frequently afterward gave as a toast, at his grand dinners and suppers, "The good Scotch parson."

— We occasionally receive complaints, from subscribers, of injury to their steel plates in folding the JOURNAL for the mail. There is no way to avoid a slight crease in the folded plate, when mailed otherwise than in large parcels; but this injury is readily removed. Let the engraving be slightly moistened at the back, a cloth placed over it, and then a hot iron applied. This will restore the plate to its original condition. When a volume of the JOURNAL is to be bound, if the binder will slightly sprinkle the pages, at regular intervals (an ordinary whisk is good for the purpose), and then place the numbers in a press, or under some heavy pressure, the wrinkles, creases, and similar imperfections, arising from handling the sheets, or by transmission in the mail, will, when the sheets become dry, be entirely removed.

### Literary and Scientific Notes.

WITH the discovery of the solar spectrum, the improved apparatus for observing and recording magnetic and electric disturbances, and the determination of the character of auroral lights, many phenomena, once inexplicable by any but the wildest and most baseless theories, have come to be distinctly understood, and, in view of their having occurred at regular intervals, their recurrence can be foretold with almost positive accuracy. The sun was once supposed to be fixed in its position, but science has demonstrated that it has a wonderfully rapid motion, in an orbit through which it carries all the planets and their satellites, composing this our solar system. The sun has been described as a body of great density, glowing with intense heat, but science has discovered that its density is but little greater than water; and the solar spectrum, the most invaluable of all recent discoveries, has shown that it is surrounded with an atmosphere of burning hydrogen, while powerful telescopes, assisted by photography, show us that this combustion is so violent as to send forth lambent flames thousands of miles in length. These facts being known, may be regarded as progressive steps toward the explanation of the nature of the spots upon the sun, and their effect upon the earth, and here light is rapidly dawning, since it has been observed that the appearance of great spots on the sun is always coincident with magnetic storms, auroral displays, and general electric disturbances upon the earth. On the 1st of September, 1859, astronomers at Oxford and at London simultaneously observed intensely bright spots upon the sun, travelling at the rate of at least seven thousand miles a minute. At the same time the register at Kew indicated a great magnetic storm, and it was afterward ascertained that all over the world there were great magnetic and electric disturbances. In Norway, telegraphic machinery was set on fire, and the pen of Bain's telegraph was followed by a flame. During the night splendid auroral displays were visible in both hemispheres. Repeated observations have now fully established the connection between these solar phenomena and the magnetic disturbances upon the earth. Now the appearance of large and numerous spots upon the sun has been observed to recur regularly every eleven years, and the prevalence of great magnetic storms upon the earth has also been observed to follow the same law of periodicity, while, strange to say, great social and political revolutions have, since the observance of these phenomena, taken

place simultaneously. In 1848, which all will remember was a year of fearful political excitement in Europe, these solar spots were unusually numerous; again in 1859 they were coincident with the Italian revolution; and now a writer in the London *Spectator*, predicting their recurrence in 1870, asks if we may not anticipate political excitement, revolutions, and wars, in that year. The question is one worthy of consideration; and, while it is merely an hypothesis founded upon phenomena as yet insufficiently observed and understood, it appears to possess the elements of probability, and, should the events of next year be of a similar nature to those of 1848 and 1859, the truth of the theory may be considered as supported by strong evidence.

Mr. A. E. Silliman has recently published a translation of Fénelon's *Conversations with Mr. Andrew M. Ramsay*, frequently styled the *Chevalier Ramsay*, on the Truth of Religion, together with Fénelon's *Lectures on the Immortality of the Soul and the Freedom of the Will*. The style of the translation is finished and scholarly. The subject-matter of the book is of interest to the believer and the skeptic, to the Protestant or to the Roman Catholic. The questions involved are those which ever have been, and ever must be, of vital interest to man; and, whether the views expressed and the doctrines taught coincide with the ideas and opinions of the reader, he cannot but be struck with the fervor and piety of Fénelon, who, amidst the corruption and vice of the court of Louis XIV., preserved his honor, his integrity, and his name, above the shadow of reproach. In giving this translation to the public, Mr. Silliman has made a valuable addition to the catalogue of professedly religious books.

A new process of preserving meat is mentioned in the French journals. The flesh of sheep or oxen, cut up in portions from four to one hundred pounds, is steeped in a bath containing about eighty-five per cent. of water and a mixture of glycerine, hydrochloric acid, and bisulphite of soda, then powdered over with bisulphite of soda, and at last packed up in tin boxes, filled as full as possible, and carefully soldered. In this state the meat is perfectly preserved, and is found, at the end of a year, as fresh and sweet as if newly brought from the butcher's. To divest it of the sulphurous acid it retains, it suffices to wash it with water moderately diluted with vinegar, and expose it to the open air, where it may be kept with safety for forty-eight hours, after which it presents the appearance of the meat of animals newly slaughtered. It is calculated that beef so prepared in the South-American republics, the British colonies of Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape of Good Hope, and Texas, can be shipped in any quantity, and sold in Europe at the rate of five or six cents per pound. If the opinion of the scientific men who report favorably of this process, turn out to be correct, then we are on the eve of a movement that will have important results both as to the Old and the New World.

M. E. Reveiller, commander of the *Faon*, and his crew, witnessed recently a curious mirage off the coast of Brittany, when the sky was completely overcast with clouds. The light-house of the *Roches Douvres* (*Douvres Rocks*) appeared to rise gradually above the horizon, and the rocks on which its foundations are laid likewise rose to view. "On leaving the flats of *Douvres*," says the commander, "we observed at once the column of *Héaux*, the coast of Brittany, Jersey, and Guernsey. The basement of the column moved, and reached midway up the light-house; then three-quarters. The crew of the *Faon*, in a state of excitement, shouted that the rocks were rising. When the basement of the column appeared three-quarters up, it remained fixed at that altitude, while the rocks all around lengthened out into the most fantastic shapes, the usual features of the locality, as seen from the ship's deck, being completely transformed, and quite unrecognizable. The images changed form every moment, with the rapidity of dissolving views." This wonderful mirage lasted altogether about two hours, and is the most remarkable one ever witnessed on the coasts of France.

The Harpers have recently published a little volume, entitled "*Famous London Merchants*," by H. R. F. Bourne, of London, which is designed for boys, being written with a view to "furnish young readers with some account of the growth and influence of trade, and the work and character of its heroes." The book comprises biographies of Sir Richard Whittington, Sir Thomas Gresham, Sir Edward Osborne, Sir William Horrick, Sir Thomas Smythe, Sir Henry Garway, Sir Dudley North, Thomas Guy, William Beckford, Henry Thornton, Nathan Meyer Rothschild, Samuel Gurney, and George Peabody. The book is profusely illustrated, and is well calculated to please the class of readers for whom it is designed.

The following brief but pointed notice of a new German work, with a long title, recently appeared in the *Saturday Review*: "Karl Candidus is an Alsatian. If all the authors of Alsace write like him, patriotic Germans will have the consolation of knowing that the loss of the province has been attended by any prejudice to the national literature."

The newest reported European educational movement is an arrangement which has been made between the French Minister of Education and the proper authorities of some of the German states, by which an exchange of French and German students is effected in the cases of those training for professorships at public schools. By this arrangement, the Germans learn their French in France, and the French their German in Germany, without either of them being subjected to any additional expense.

### The Museum.

WE glean from Wood's "*Wedding-day in All Ages*" a few of the more remarkable customs connected with marriage and the marriage ceremony. The ancient Scythians, being a warlike people, would not marry a maiden who had not killed an enemy. Among the Nestorians, on the wedding-night, the bridegroom gave the bride a kick, and commanded her to pull off his shoes as a token of her submission to him. In Chaldea, on the wedding-day, the priest came into the bridegroom's house and lighted a fire, which was thought ought never to be put out until the hour of the death of one of the pair. If, during the life of either husband or wife, the fire went out, it was considered a sign that marriage between them was dead also. Among the ancient Assyrians, all the marriageable young girls were assembled in one place, and the public crier put them up to sell, one after another. The Babylonians, also, had a kind of market of their daughters at certain times every year. Assembled in a public place, where they were exposed to general view, they were disposed of to the best bidders. In modern Egypt, a woman can never be seen by her future husband until after she has been married. Negotiations, however, are usually conducted by professional women, who see the offered bride and report to the masculine candidate. A similar custom prevails in West Barbary, where the bridegroom does not see his bride until he is introduced to her in the bridal-chamber, but a woman, on his behalf, watches her in her bath, and reports as to her charms and defects. In the *Molucca Islands*, the same custom prevails. Among the *Medes*, a man was not considered entitled to a full degree of respect unless he had seven wives, nor a woman unless she had five husbands. So says Strabo. The nobility might have as many wives as they pleased, but all over seven could be parted with at discretion. A Persian's mode of making love was to burn himself in some visible part, in order to prove his faithfulness to his mistress, who, if she accepted him, gave him silken scarfs to bind up his wounds. An odd marriage ceremony among the Persians was for the parties to meet at moonlight on a bed, in the presence of two sponsors, who held rice in their hands. The sponsor for the man, touching the woman's forehead, asked her if she would have the man, and the sponsor for the woman performed the same ceremony to the man. The hands of the parties were then joined, and the rice scattered over them. Among the *Vizerees*, in Persia, when a woman is smitten with a man, she sends the drummer of the camp to fasten a handkerchief to his cap, with a pin she has used to bind up her hair. This is done by stratagem in public, and the victim is obliged to accept the woman, provided he can pay her price to her father. Among the *Circassians*, the bride was conducted to the groom's house attended by relatives and by musicians. On entering the house the bride kicked over a pitcher of wine placed in the middle of the apartment, and scattered the paste in a vessel of bread-dough, at its side, against the walls. At a marriage in *Benares*, in the *East Indies*, the man and woman go into a stream of water together, a priest being present. This official performs the ceremony of marriage by pouring water on a cow, and tying the couple together by their clothes. They then walk round the cow, and a few other forms complete the union. With a tribe in *Neilgherry* it was the custom for the maids and bachelors, who wished to get married, to erect a hut inside an enclosed space of ground, with a thick fence around it, so that the women within the enclosure, and the men without, could not see each other. The females then went into the hut, and the males thrust long sticks through the fence. Simultaneously the former came out of the house, and each one caught hold of a stick, the owner of which became her husband. At *Amboina*, in the last century, the marriage ceremony consisted principally in throwing backward and forward an egg into the wide sleeves of the bride and bridegroom's outer garments. In seven days after the wedding, the couple were obliged to sit together, looking solemnly upon the ground. Among the *Dyaks*, in the *East-Indian Archipelago*, no man is allowed to marry until he has decapitated a few heads, in order to make room for his probable progeny. The *Ottomaques*, of South America, always united a young man to an old woman, or a young woman to an old man, the reason being that the discretion of the elder might curb the impetuosity of the younger. With some *South-American Indians* a virgin was not chosen for a wife, virginity being regarded as a sign that the woman had not the art of making herself pleasing to man.

We figure this week a curious bird, known as the *Hornbill*, the enormously-developed beak of which is about ten inches long. In the mat-

ter of family management this creature has some curious habits which it is interesting to recall just now, when the question of the relation of the sexes in nature is undergoing so much debate. As a pattern of conjugal devotion, the male hornbill "is a perfect pattern." A hollow tree is the place selected for the nest. When the time of incubation arrives, the



Female Hornbill and Young Bird.

female enters the nesting-place, and commences "sitting" upon a single egg, while the male plasters up the hole with mud, leaving only a little aperture, or slit, through which to feed his mate, and which exactly suits the form of his beak. The female remains in confinement until the young one is fully fledged, which Dr. Livingstone states may be two or three months, and during all this time the male continues to feed the family. The doctor observes that "the prisoner generally becomes fat, and is esteemed a dainty morsel by the natives, while the poor slave of a husband gets so lean that on the sudden lowering of the temperature,

which sometimes happens after a fall of rain, he is benumbed, falls down and dies. Mr. Wallace, to whose work we are indebted for the accompanying illustration, thus describes the hornbill adventure which he had in Sumatra:

"I had the good fortune to obtain a male, female, and young bird of one of the large hornbills. I had sent my hunters to shoot, and while I was at breakfast they returned, bringing me a fine large male, of the *Buceros bicornis*, which one of them assured me he had shot while feeding the female, which was shut up in a hole in a tree. I had often read of this curious habit, and immediately returned to the place, accompanied by several of the natives. After crossing a stream and a bog, we found a large tree leaning over some water, and on its lower side, at a height of about twenty feet, appeared a small hole, and what looked like a quantity of mud, which I was assured had been used in stopping up the large hole. After a while we heard the harsh cry of a bird inside, and could see the white extremity of its beak put out. I offered a rupee to any one who would go up and get out the bird, with the egg or young one; but they all declared it was too difficult, and they were afraid to try. I therefore very reluctantly came away. In about an hour afterward, much to my surprise, a tremendous loud hoarse screaming was heard, and the bird was brought me, together with a young one which had been found in the hole. This was a most curious object, as large as a pigeon, but without a particle of plumage on any part of it. It was exceedingly plump and soft, and with a semi-transparent skin, so that it looked more like a bag of jelly, with head and feet stuck on, than like a real bird."

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### CONTENTS OF NO. 21, AUGUST 21, 1869.

	PAGE
SOMETHING ABOUT CUBA: ITS HISTORY, ITS CLIMATE, ITS PEOPLE. (Illustrated.) By T. B. Thorpe.....	1
HAMLET AND OPHELIA. By Julia C. R. Dorr.....	5
BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE PEABODY. (With Portrait.).....	8
THE PRINCE AMONG THE PHILOSOPHERS. By Dr. Samuel Osgood.....	10
THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND. By Victor Hugo.....	12
A PLEA FOR THE TOILETS. By P. Mahon.....	18
THE THREE BROTHERS. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of the "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Brownings," etc. (From advance-sheets.).....	18
"SENSUAL CATERWAULING" AND PROFESSOR HUXLEY. By Eugene Benson.....	21
"ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH.".....	22
THE PLACE OF ART IN EDUCATION.....	23
TABLE-TALK.....	25
LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NOTES.....	26
THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.).....	27
CARTOON..... "The Beach at Long Branch."	

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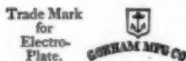
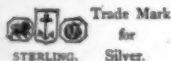
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